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BY THE BEACH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

The waves rolled up upon the sand,
We walked together by the beach,
And, fondly clasping hand to hand,
We plighted each our love to each.
The crimson morning was aglow,
The sea a mass of burnished gold,
The sky above, the earth below,
Were filled with glories manifold.

O dear young girl! with woman's heart,
With woman's sweetness in her face,
Her life became of mine a part,
And added grace unto its grace.
The sky became a deeper blue,
The landscape glowed with green and gold,
And there she promised to be true,
And gave her life into my hold.

The Summer comes again to bless,
And she shall shortly be my bride;
The earth puts on its gorgeous dress,
We wander by the ocean's side.
The sea birds scream along the shore,
And float across the sandy reach,
And with our love forevermore
We walk upon the ocean beach.

THE EIGHT-O'CLOCK TRAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

When, last Summer, I went to North Conway, it was not to while away a month in idleness, nor yet to search for health among the mountains. I went with a more definite purpose—which was to get married.

The year before, I had gone listlessly to the picturesque little village, taken board in the respectable house of Mrs. Pendinsmore, and prepared for a month's monotonous ease. I found the ease, but the monotony was broken. So was my heart. In other words, the icy atmosphere which had hitherto encircled that poetic and necessary organ was at once thawed by a pair of the brightest eyes which ever threw sunshine into the world. These eyes belonged to Helen Pendinsmore, my landlady's daughter. How such a luxuriantly tropical plant as Helen could ever have blossomed in the frigid temperature of the White Mountains must remain, I think, a mystery. But blossom she did, and not to waste her sweetness upon the desert air of New Hampshire. I made up my mind on that point in short order. When I saw her first, the morning after my arrival, I mistook her for one of the guests, and decided that she came from the South. There was the hint of the orange-grove about her. Her eyes and hair were of deep black; her skin not fair, but wondrously clear; her cheeks flushed with a rich color; and her features and form moulded into wonderful symmetry. She was so beautiful—so strikingly different from the New England type of woman—that I could scarcely credit the assertion that she was the landlady's daughter. I admired her none the less, however, on that account; and, before I had been three days in the house, I felt that without Helen life would henceforth be a dreary burden.

I will not inflict upon the reader any detailed account of the smooth course which true love took on Mrs. Pendinsmore's piazza. Such an account would not only be irrelevant to my narrative, but it would also be insipid, as any description of love-making must of necessity be. You cannot put upon paper the tender glances, the moonlight strolls, the whispered words, which go to make up the dawning of a new and delicious existence. The pen has not yet been found which can write a kiss. By what degrees Helen and I progressed in our love, until from shy glances we reached that apex of bliss where kisses were frequent and permissible—progressed from a first, acquaintanceship to the condition of betrothed lovers—the reader is at liberty to picture for himself. I need only say that I went to Mrs. Pendinsmore's expecting to remain a month; that in fact I remained two; and that when I finally took my departure I left a ring upon the forefinger of the landlady's daughter.

That was why last Summer I made my way back to the little town in the mountains. I was so hotly impatient to reach my destination that I traveled all the way from New York by rail—a much more disagreeable method of journeying in August than by boat. It saved time, however, and I stepped from the cars at North Conway twenty-four hours in advance of the day I had set in my letter. Mrs. Pendinsmore's own carriage (I use that word generically, for the vehicle was, as a matter of fact, a cross between a carryall and a milkcart) bore me to the house; and Mrs. Pendinsmore herself met me at the door with a hearty kiss, as became a prospective mother-in-law. Then she threw cold water upon it by ardor by saying:

"There, aint it a shame, now! I told Nellie that you might get along to-day, even if you did write as you was a-coming to-morrow. But she was sartin' as how you wouldn't, and so she must up and go to Portland this morning to get some furbelows and gloves and what-nots, and she won't be back until eight o'clock."

I bore this announcement with as good grace as possible, and I think I even assured Mrs. Pendinsmore that it made no possible difference, and I am quite sure that I made a satisfactory dinner upon the fresh eggs, ham and vegetables which she set before me. After that I smoked a cigar in the shade of the pine-woods opposite the house, and then, like a dutiful son-in-law, I sat down and talked with Mrs. F. for full two hours. This killed the time up to six o'clock. Another cigar and a cup of tea, and I set out for the railway station to meet Helen. I mildly objected to anybody's occupying a seat in the carriage excepting myself; I wanted, at least, the recompense of driving Helen home at as slow a rate as I might see fit.

It was just seven when I reached the station. I tied the horse as a matter of form—there was quite as much danger of the post's running away as of his doing so—and then I began to pace up and down the platform, reflecting how long a time seemed when you particularly want it to be brief. I passed half an hour in this way, after which I found the dozen placards which adorned the building so intolerably monotonous to look at that I determined to extend my walk along the track. Accordingly, I strolled on in the direction from which the train from Portland would approach, and soon lost sight of the station in a sharp curve which the road took.

Walking on railroad sleepers is not, I take it, particularly conducive to pleasant thoughts; and yet on that August evening it would have been strange indeed if my mind had been filled with any other than rosy fancies. I was about to be wedded to the prettiest and best girl in the world—a belief which I cherished as sacredly as all lovers since love began have done. I loved, and was loved in return. Life was before me, with a fair prospect of yielding comfort, health and wealth. I was not troubled by debts, jealousy, or bad digestion. There was absolutely nothing to add one drop of gall to the cup of happiness which rose before me. No wonder, then, that even while walking upon railroad sleepers I was able to turn my mind to pleasant subjects.

I had walked, perhaps, a quarter of a mile from the station, when, raising my eyes, which had been fixed upon the ground, I saw, some distance ahead of me, the figure of a man bending over the rail. As I approached still nearer, I discovered that the track at that point crossed a deep ravine by means of a trestle bridge. This bridge was fifty feet or more in width, as I came to one extremity of it, the man at the other end looked up. He was tall, powerfully built and well dressed. Speaking across the chasm, he said:

"Come right along. I shan't hurt you!"

The words struck me as a little odd, but without hesitation I made my way across the bridge, treading carefully upon the single board which spanned the sleepers. As I stepped again onto the solid earth, the man held out his hand, saying:

"Glad you came, sir—glad you came. Perhaps you are acquainted with Americus?"

"With whom?" I asked, eyeing the speaker a little suspiciously.

"With Americus," he answered nervously. "He is on board this train—coming on from Portland. But it will be his last ride—his last ride, sir. Of course you know me. I am Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of this continent. Why was it not called in honor of my name? Why did they call it after that miserable quack and humbug Americus? But I have got him now—after waiting hundreds of years I have got him. He is on this train. Now, sir, you see that sleeper and this chain? I am going to fasten the wood across the track, so that the train will go down into that ravine. Won't that settle Americus?"

The man had uttered his sentences with such nervous rapidity that I had no opportunity to speak a word until he had finished. Then I was so dumbfounded that for a minute or two I could find no tongue to reply. I took in the situation quickly enough, but by so doing I felt doubly powerless to act.

Here was a muscular maniac about to wreck the train on board of which was Helen Pendinsmore.

For a moment a buzzing in my ears and a blackness before my eyes led me to believe that I should lose consciousness; but this weakness passed away, and I felt, instead, every faculty brighten under the intense strain. With a coolness which has surprised me, I at length said:

"Yes; that will settle Americus, certainly. But what will become of the others on the train?"

"Oh! some of them will be killed, of course," he answered, at the same time throwing one end of the heavy sleeper across the track. "But what of that? What are a hundred or two ordinary lives to the vindication of the fame of Christopher Columbus? And if Americus should escape after the train goes down, why, I have this to make the work sure."

As he spoke, he produced an old-fashioned navy revolver, which he handled with unpleasant carelessness. The impulse which a moment before had seized me—to spring forward and grapple with the maniac, despite his superior strength—this impulse, I say, vanished at the sight of the weapon. I saw that it would be throwing away my own life, with no hope of saving the lives of others, if I attempted to thwart him by means of physical force. I must save that other life, dearer than my own, by strategy or not at all. The craftiness of sanity must be pitted against the cunning of madness. I drew out my watch and looked at it. The hands pointed to twelve minutes of eight. In less than ten minutes the train would be due. In less than ten minutes I must hit upon some plan to save Helen Pendinsmore from a terrible death.

The mind, I think, works quickest under intense excitement. While I stood watching the maniac fasten the sleeper to the rails, a dozen different plans rushed through my brain. Each was dismissed with the quickness of thought as being impracticable. I could not call out for help with even the possibility of bringing relief. I could not return to the station and give an alarm, because of the precious time that would be wasted. Neither could I go forward and signal the train, for I saw that the madman kept his eye upon me, as if anticipating such a move. While I grappled with the terrible problem, the precious moments kept slipping by. I looked again at my watch. Nine minutes of eight. The maniac had already made one side of the sleeper fast to the rail, and he was now beginning on the other. Still he talked on incessantly, and at intervals I made some reply. The golden twilight was rapidly deepening into night. So, too, I thought, fell the shadow of despair upon my soul.

Six minutes more!

I stepped a little aside as the madman arose from his work. My foot struck against another rail—the inner rail of a second track. At that moment Deliverance flashed upon me, as if the iron had carried an electric current. The railroad, I knew, had but one track; but just at this point was a switch stretching across the trestlework, and losing itself in a curve of the road.

I looked at my watch. Five minutes more.

I broke forth into a laugh, which sounded horrible in my own ears.

"What is it?" demanded the maniac.

"Why, man," I fairly shrieked, "Americus will escape you after all. *You have put the sleeper on the wrong track!*"

"Are you sure?" he cried, his eyes gleaming in the gathering darkness.

"Sure? Of course I am. Didn't I ride over this very road to-day? Quick, man; there is time yet. We can change it before the train comes!"

He sprang to one side of the track and I to the other. With what terrible eagerness I clutched the chain and drew out the bolts! No word was spoken. The maniac seemed even more excited than I. Just as we lifted the sleeper from the rails the shrill whistle of the locomotive echoed through the mountains. Was it superstition, or something more sacred, which made me think that sound was a paean of deliverance?

We placed the sleeper upon the second track, and fell to fastening it down with a will. Now the mumbling of the approaching train fell upon our ears, and in an instant more the headlight of the locomotive flashed upon us.

"Get out of the way!" I shouted; "they will see us!"

I crouched down as I spoke, but the maniac sprang upon the track and swung the revolver high above his head.

The shrill whistle shrieked again, this time in angry warning. But it was too late. The locomotive struck the madman, hurling him forward and down into the rocky ravine. The train thundered over the bridge, while I sank down weak as a child. Helen Pendinsmore was saved. Even in my unconsciousness I think I knew that.

What more? Nothing, except the absurd attempt of some of the passengers to make a hero of me; except the unspeakable tenderness with which I clasped Helen in my arms; except an unimportant little event, some days later, in which Nellie and I were chiefly concerned, and which was so eminently private that there was no need of publishing in the papers "No cards."

GHOST STORIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Yes, they were sipping their old-fashioned Virginia juleps, when the subject of the wicked tiger was brought up, and each one of the party related his experience and adventures in the handsomely carpeted jungles of that ravenous beast. Ike Williams commenced by saying that out of all games of chance faro was the fairest, and that many a poor fellow who was walking on his uppers became heeled and harnessed anew by a lucky deal wherein the player's system worked all right for a few deals.

"It was my misfortune," he went on to say, "to be flat broke once in Washington City; and, so help my bob! I went for days without a square meal. But I kept hanging round the 'Republican;' for you know, boys, there is sometimes a chance to pick up a sleeper, or to get odd checks from a fellow who has got his load. Well, one day, when Jim Thompson was in the chair—kind of rattled-like because the boys were going for his pile—I noticed a few odd bones on the five, which kept a-growing; and, as nobody seemed to claim 'em, I bet on 'em, and, I waited, for the chances for it to win out, which she did, and I then reached over and pulled those plackers down. Now, I did not have a mouthful to eat for two days except a herring-lunch I picked up in Beau Hickman's headquarters, and you bet my stomach yearned for solids; but to cash in right then would show weakness. So, in desperate, I lobbed the bunch down on the 'case' nine with a 'copper,' and up she come. From then until I quit, with seventeen hundred in my pocket, I never lost a bet. Old Miss Fortune seemed to lean towards me for once in her life, and from that day to this I never suffered for a penny. Did the broken and crippled pikers hover round me? You bet they did, just like bees round a hive; but, remembering I was broke myself once, I staked a few of them, and invited three poor fellows who have now handed in their earthly checks, but who then looked wan from hunger, to come out and join me in something solid. It is strange that ill-luck will follow some men to their graves; but so it is, and those three never had a winning deal as long as they lived. But there is no use in crying or thinking over the inevitable. Sam! come here, you black imp, and take the flowers at the top of these goblets be green once more."

"Yes, sah, for sure. The strawberries have just come in, and I'll make a most beautiful bouquet."

"That's a great old darky," said William Villapigne. "He reminds me of one I came in contact with in Augusta, Georgia, not many years ago. I had been out to the races at Lafayette Course, and lost every dollar I had on one of those surething races, and had to foot it to town. Upon arriving there I went to my hotel, and to my room, where I took unto my bed; for I was heartsick, as what I lost was blood-money. While rolling over and over, and wondering how I was to make the connection, Old Reube came into my room, and, seeing the distress I was in, said:

"'In the name of mercy, Massa Bill, what is the matter? What has come over you, chile, to be takin' on in dis way?'

"I told him of my miscalculation in betting on the wrong horse, and how I went the whole hog and got bursted, remarking that I did not know how I was to get out of town; but Reube quieted my feelings by saying:

"'Why, Massa Bill, that mishap is nothing when you get used to it. A lucky day will come before you think of it. I've got a dollar gold-piece; take it, Massa Bill; go down to the bar and swallow somethin' that will cheer you up—for, indeed, you needs all the consolation you can get, my chile.'

"Thanking Reube for his kindly offer, I refused his gift, for in those days I thought it was awful to accept anything from a negro; but the kind old fellow insisted so hard, looking as if his feelings were hurt by refusal, that I finally consented to take his dollar, promising in my mind to return it tenfold at some future day. The good old fellow seemed very happy when he saw his piece of gold drop in my vest-pocket; and as I started out of the room he bade me God-speed, saying:

"'Good luck, Massa Bill.'

"On my entrance into the bar I found it crowded with medical students, who were discussing the merits of the race that had made me so sore; and, as I was acquainted with some of them, it was not long before I received an invitation to imbibe. The horn I took must have been over three fingers, for I felt consoled in a jiffy, and forgot all about my losses of the day. The subject of the race was very distasteful to me, however, and I started on my return to my room, when I felt the friendly hand of Ben Harris on my shoulder, and, when I turned round, he said:

"'Come, Bill, and let us go round to Cruk's and play a deal or two.'

"I told him of my pecuniary troubles, and he then asked me to go look at him play a little, promising that if 'they came his way' he would hand me a stack or two. Here was a prospect, yet a very slim one, I must confess; for Ben gave his money too much chance by betting all over the table. But, to please him, I went along. As soon as he reached the table he commenced bucking, and while I looked on at his foolish mode of playing, to my way of thinking, the gold dollar in my vest-pocket commenced to burn my fingers until it felt red-hot. If I had been perfectly sober I would have been ashamed to put her down; but, being a-kind of the other way, I felt don't-care-a-cuss-for-anybody-like, and landed Reube's bright dollar on the first loser, which was the tray. It 'win' out, and, having some checks, Ben offered to put in with me; but I declined, making up my mind to go it alone. This deal came my way—three on a side; but the next chopped, and I made a stand-off on it. I tell you, boys, that I was thinking of Old Reube all the time, and I believe he was squeezing for me, for the next four deals came as I wanted them, and I had the complete satisfaction of handing in two thousand and thirty dollars in chips, which were redeemed, and I gave Ben the odd money, as he was broke. They paid me in hundred-dollar notes, and, knowing that Reube would never know the difference between a one and a hundred, I gave one of the latter changed into small bills, so as to make a bundle, and handed it to Reube. You ought to see that darky open his eyes! He thought this was the whole 'boodle;' but when I told him it was for him he fairly yelled with joy, and in his sane moments would say:

"'I knew it, Massa Bill, I knew it; for it 'peared to me, when you left the house, that dollar was gwine to be a lucky one; and when you stayed away so long, and I could not see you downstairs, this darky was moral certain that the hoo-doo had left you. Ise so glad, Massa Bill; and when you want another lucky dollar come to me, for this nigger will have it sure.'

"It made me cheer up to see how delighted that old man was. But, boys, the ice has weakened the nectar. Call Sam, Ike, and let us drink to the health of Old Reube, who is still a waiter in the Globe Hotel; and if any of you should ever strike Augusta, be sure and see Reube, and he will tell you all about that dollar gold-piece and the charm it worked."

After the ice and other things cooled off a little, Curly Bob Lansing commenced by saying:

"Years ago I was in New Orleans, and, after losing all I brought there, and living on coffee and cakes for days and days, with pork and beans thrown in once in a while as a treat, I wandered up the Bowery one night, and, meeting sweet Jack Adams—who was called Sweet on account of his fondness for candy—he asked me to have some. I picked out a few lozenges that were as big as a split check, and, as I was not much on the candy, I put some of them in my pocket. Poking in and out from one place to another, hoping I would meet somebody I knew, I at last stumbled into No. 40, where there was a big game going on. I stood looking on for some time, and at last it occurred to me that I might snake in a lozenge as a split, which, even if they detected it, would do no harm, because it would be difficult to find out who put it down. So I braced up courage and slided the lozenge in easily, afraid the darned thing would break. Sure enough, it was a success, for the dealer paid it, and I assure you, gentlemen, that I felt that house four hundred and twenty-five dollars richer. To be sure, I did not win as much as either of you, but then I was no glutton—a little over four hundred was pie enough for me. And when I heard it was found out by the dealer getting the lozenge between his teeth, and that he was looking for me with a scalping-knife, I thought that a trip down this way would be a benefit to my health."

When the laugh was over, and Sam had set his waiter down, he said:

"Gemmen, Ise bin listenin' to your ghost-stories, and I tinks dat I can tell one, too, if you have no objections."

"Go ahead! go ahead! Give it to us," came from every body, and Sam let loose in this wise:

"You know, g-mmen, dat I used to run on the boats from here to New York, and on one trip there a friend of mine proposed that we should go uptown and enjoy the sights. We went, and in going through Thompson street my friend pointed out a place which he said was a colored faro-bank. Now, I used to tend club-houses in this here city, and have seen mighty big playin'; so I thought I'd jess step into dat coons' nest and win all they had. We were admitted, you know, because we looked like Southern bloods; and what do you think, gemmen? Dere was an old darky who looked for all de world like Brother Jasper, with green blinkers on, a-dealing one-cent checks. I changed in fifty cents, thinking dat would make a big show, and I began to bet pretty brisk. Soon got a hundred checks on de ace, and, to make it look like a dazzling bet, piled check upon check, until, pyramid-like, de roof, when I asked if dere was a carpenter round dere. They wanted to know what I wanted with a carpenter; and when Ise told dem that I wanted a hole cut through the roof to let the chips crap out, de ole fellow who looked like Jasper looked round, and says he: 'Honey! is dat your pyramid on de ace?' and when I said 'Yes' he says: 'What you take me for, sonny? Ise no Rotschile, so I isn't; so take down that column and commence afresh.' I did as he told me, and when I quit I was jess five cents winner. Der was not a chance to win as much as you gemmen did; but you can be sure I left dat house of fun, and the niggers round dere says as how I was de highest better dey ever saw. Dis was glory nuff for me; but Ise never gone dere since."

This was the winding-up of the ghost stories told on that Summer evening; but in some of them there was more truth than poetry.

STERRY.

MISS MINNIE CUMMNICS, ACTRESS.

MISS MINNIE CUMMINGS.

Concerning this young lady, who is assiduously striving to obtain a high position in the dramatic profession, and whose portrait appears in this issue, we give place to the following biographical sketch, which has been contributed by one of her intimate friends. The subject of our sketch will be remembered by many, particularly in the South, as Minnie Leaman, after whom the well-known racehorse owned by Col. David McDaniel of Virginia was named. It was this horse that caused strife between Col. McDaniel and John Minor Botts, previously staunch friends, by defeating in a race, about 1859, one of the most promising and best-blooded horses in the stock of the last-named. A few sharp words passed between them and their friendship was severed, and so continued until during the Civil War, when McDaniel, after his property had been confiscated, visited Botts in Castle Godwin, Richmond, where the latter was held as a prisoner-of-war, and then and there a reconciliation took place. When Miss Minnie was four or five years of age, and was on her way one morning with the nurse to play in the square surrounding the capital of the Old Dominion State, her attention was attracted by an auction of slaves. Running into the mart, she saw a piccaninny, some eighteen months old, offered for sale, while its slave-mother was weeping piteously. Stepping up to the mother she said: "Poor Auntie, are they going to sell your little baby?" Then, turning, she shouted: "Stop, Mr. Auctionman; just you give that baby back to its mamma. If you were a baby you wouldn't like to have anybody sell you away from your mother, would you?" Col. McDaniel, the owner of the mother and child, gave orders that the child should not be sold; and then expressed his determination, while he owned slaves, never to part another child from its mother unless she was cruel in her treatment, and the child passed into better hands. Little Minnie became the pet and protegee of Col. McDaniel, whom she always called uncle until she removed with her parents to Philadelphia, when in her fifteenth year, at which age she was married to Col. J. Frank Cummings of the Fifth U. S. Cavalry, a son of Judge James Cummings of Cecil County, Md. In 1869, after he had resigned his commission in the army, he was appointed to a clerkship in the Union Pacific Railroad, and in 1870, with his wife, settled in Omaha, Neb. They purchased considerable real-estate there as an investment, on account of its rapid increase in value, before it was decided that the eastern terminus of the railroad should be in Council Bluffs, Ia.

Their villa—"River-view"—situated between the High Schoolhouse and the Barracks, and overlooking the Missouri River, was built under the supervision of Miss Cummings. She purchased the ground, designed the mansion, drew the elevation and other architectural guides, engaged all the workmen, and supervised their work day by day; and when the house, barn and outbuildings were finished, their cost was found to be $4,000 less than the lowest bid put in by any contractor. So much for a woman's energy. While residing there she had charge of a class in the Congregational Sunday-school, and was also a Home Mission for poor children; and at the same time she was a member of the Home Mission for Women. Regularly every Sunday for two years she visited the Omaha prison, and furnished each prisoner with entertaining reading-matter sufficient to last a week, also stationery and postage-stamps for their correspondence with friends outside the walls, writing letters for such of the inmates as were unable to do so. Many prisoners incarcerated for trivial or pardonable offenses were freed and sent with money to their homes by her efforts. A like charity she practiced at the poor-house. One old man she took to her own home, and made him comfortable for many months. On every holiday she furnished meals to every inmate of the jail and poorhouse. In the latter part of 1872 a change took place in their financial affairs. During the senatorial contest between Gen. Thayer (now Governor of Wyoming) and Mr. Hitchcock of Nebraska, Col. Cummings, being an old friend of Gen. Thayer, was his warmest champion. Thayer was defeated, and the Hitchcock party effected the removal of Col. Cummings from his position. While her husband was brooding under this cloud she lost no time in procuring counter-affidavits from influential friends against the allegations of his political enemies, and took them to Washington, D. C. By the aid of prominent political friends of the family, coupled with her own exertions, she procured her husband's reinstatement, with pay to commence from the date of his removal. Upon her return to Omaha, she found that her husband's enemies would not bear tamely this success obtained by a woman; so every conceivable plot of slander was devised to injure her in the circle of society in which she moved. This so affected her sensitive nature that she was ill for many weeks with congestion of the brain. When she had partly recovered her health she left her home, with its luxurious surroundings, and returned to her father's house, in Philadelphia. Through the scheming of her husband's enemies to undermine his chances for Congressional honors, to which he aspired, his health broke down, and he was compelled to resign his position. Then came the depression in real-estate, and their income was greatly reduced. In 1873 they exchanged some of their property in the West for other in Chicago, Ill., and there took up their residence. Finding that upon herself depended the support of her family, she established, after considerable opposition and lack of aid, "The Teachers' League Institute," in connection with a conservatory of music. It was chartered by the State. Minnie Cummings was the principal, and J. L. Pickard, Superintendent of Public Schools, was one of the trustees. In less than two years Miss C. gave seventy-two entertainments, consisting of concerts and literary and musical soirees, all for charitable purposes. It was at these that Miss Cummings got her principal experience and reputation as a dramatic reader. This institute, while being profitable, was very expensive to carry on, and, finding the strain upon her health too great, she was compelled to give it up in the early part of 1877. She was then tendered a complimentary benefit Thanksgiving night, in Plymouth Church. Among the prominent citizens who provided the benefit were Prof. David Swing, Rev. Robert Collyer, Edward Sullivan, D.D., Trinity Church; Charles E. Cheney, Christ Church; W. F. Coolbaugh, Hon. Henry Greenbaum, Simon Farwell, Harvey D. Galvin, ex-Mayor; S. H Kerfoot, Rev. O. H. Tiffany, and many others. May 28, 1877, she appeared as Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" at Booth's Theatre, New York. She was also one of the Juliets who appeared at George Rignold's benefit in the same theatre, May 31. She then returned to Chicago with the intention of sacrificing some of her estate in order to start a company and star in her own pieces; but the panic had reached there, and that property could hardly be given away. Through this she and those depending on her had nothing left to rely upon but her unaided efforts. She then accepted a position with J. Wallack's Combination, and traveled with them for several months, laboring untiringly and meeting with success. She next acted at the Philadelphia Museum, and later traveled with Charlotte Thompson. She played at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, a short time, and was in the cast of "The Exiles" at the Broadway Theatre, in this city, during its run. Next she went to the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, then played Julie in "Richelieu" at the Broadway, and subsequently Lady Teazle at a benefit in Niblo's Garden. On May 25 last she was tendered a testimonial, on which occasion she appeared as Lady Teazle in scenes from "The School for Scandal," in the letter-scene of Lady Macbeth, the four characters in the protean comedy of "The Four Sisters," and in several recitations. Some years ago, while she was a pupil of Philip Lawrence in Philadelphia, she appeared in scenes from "Romeo and Juliet" at Assembly Buildings. When she was through, amid the applause of her audience she asked her teacher behind the Congregational Sunday-school how she got along. "Why, don't you hear the applause?" She replied: "I am sure they are only applauding me because they are my friends." Mr. Lawrence (now in New York) said: "Then, my child, to-morrow you will be convinced." The next day the late Edwin Forrest called at her father's house to see her and congratulate the little actress, and predicted for her a bright future, provided she underwent proper training. He invited her to his mansion, where she often went and received useful advice from the great actor. Her father, a Russian gentleman, formerly agent abroad for the great pianist Franz Liszt, also agent in the King's Magazine in the Grand Duchy of Posen, Prussia, always encouraged her to study for the profession which nature adopted her for, that in adversity she might be prepared to earn her independence by it; yet, ere true success had dawned on her, he passed away from earth last March. A short time ago the Rev. Dr. L. C. Newman said to an author of this city: "I tried hard to keep my little friend Minnie from adopting a profession which my position as a Doctor of Divinity has taught me to feel prejudiced against; but, now that she has really entered upon it, my prejudice is dispelled; for I have known Minnie Cummings since she was about two years old, watched her whole life's career up to the present time, know all the crosses she has had to bear, and how bravely she has borne them; and I feel convinced that a profession must have much grandeur, beauty and merit that she would be a member of, while she must prove an ornament to it. I will only pray for her success." Although she commenced her profession as a tragedienne, having played Juliet, Lady Macbeth, the Lady of Lyons, Leah and Camille, her forte is rollicking, sparkling comedy. She starts out with her own company this Fall, to star in protean comedies.

HOW THE CATCHER WAS CAUGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Full tall was he, with sinewy muscles,
And shoulders broad and full and square,
With limbs designed for terrible tussles,
And the regular prize-ring crop of hair;
And he played, with skill exceedingly fine,
The catcher's place in a Western nine.

He was rich in all of the manly graces—
A very Apollo from head to heel;
And, though he was good at the stealing of bases,
He never was base enough, surely, to steal.
A foul, indeed, his pulses stirred,
But he never was foul in deed or word.

As fair was she as the sun uprising,
A blooming maiden, with luscious lips,
Whose dainty completeness was really surprising,
Down to her rosy finger-tips;
And she often sat on the stand in the shade,
And saw the games which that catcher played.

And whenever he seized on a hot one nicely,
Or caught a foul with agility,
She clapped her hands, for that was precisely
The sort of thing she wanted to see;
For much did this blooming maiden pine
For the catcher who caught in that Western nine.

Wherefore it was meet, when the games were over,
The catcher, so brave and manly and tall,
Should frequently play the part of a lover
In a game considerably older than ball;
And if an occasional error he made,
'Twas simply because with a miss he played.

For, spite of her love, this maid was addicted
To ways most coquettish and naughty and sly,
And the man of the diamond-field was restricted
To taking love's favors, as 'twere, on the sly;
And, though she protested at kissing, I doubt
If the maid by the catcher was ever put out!

At that dangerous hour, while yet the sun lingers
Above the horizon, and Nature is dumb,
He would hold her small hand between his jammed fingers,
And stroke her soft hair with his stiff-jointed thumb;
And often their walks were extended so late,
'Twas eleven o'clock when she crossed the home-plate!

At last he mustered up courage and told her
How fondly he longed to make her his wife,
And she rested her head on his manly shoulder
While he eagerly asked "would she give him a life?"
And he hinted with emphasis, leaving no doubt
That, should she refuse him, he'd surely strike out!

'Twas the umpire Love that gave the decision;
The maiden permitted her lips to be kissed,
And then, looking up with a slightly blurred vision,
She blushingly murmured: "Why, yes—I assist!"
So the game to a right happy ending was brought,
And thus did it happen the catcher was caught!

DEAD LOVES: A REVERIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DAVID A. CURTIS.

Ghosts come not in their pleasantest moods at night, I think. They come in the "wee sma' hours," when I sit before a sea-coal fire, smoking my oldest pipe, and bring, it is true, tender thoughts, and sweet memories that weave themselves into rhyme without a reference to Walker. But on the faces that peer out from the blue flames that give the only light to my study after midnight there is commonly a look of sadness and reproach. I seldom gaze at them without regret, and I am commonly glad to escape from the long-ago to the pleasanter dreamland of sleep. There is a melancholy about midnight communings with the past that is all too sombre for happiness, though it be as enticing as absinthe and as sweet as Benedictine.

But ghosts are not so sad in broad daylight, on such a day as this, when the rain falls in torrents, all too heavy to remind of tears, and the thirsty earth drinks, like the insatiable glutton it is, until it can drink no more, and little rills of turbid water furrow the best-kept paths in my garden. On such a day I can sit in that same study, and, tossing aside the manuscript that calls for careful thought, sink into gentle reveries that are pleasant even while they are sad. And over the shadowy faces of the women I have loved, when I see them on such a day, there always hovers a smile.

And why should the smile vanish? Surely, if there be tragedy in love—if human passion be all too imperfect to be complete absorption, like the vague, sexless love of the angels, of which a Milton only could dream—there is yet in its depths an ecstasy of joy, the fiercer for its incompleteness, that transcends the sorrow that too swiftly follows. Not lightly was it said by one who looked forward with vision all too clear, through the glory of Summer love to the pain of that love's Wintry death:

"Then let come what come may,
What we have here I shall have had my day."

The love that can count the throbs of pain that will follow joy—that can tot up figures of debit and credit and carry the balance to "profit and loss," may be safe and conventional and a good foundation for a legal contract; but it is not the warp with the woof of rhyme binds into poetry.

And as I sit, idly picturing in the thin smoke-wreaths from my pipe the faces of the women with whom I have walked in Paradise, there is no shadow of regret or reproach on their faces or on mine. The tragedy is forgotten, the idyl only remembered, and the days of the long-ago live all in the glory of the sunset before the gloom of the gloaming falls.

There were days in your past, too, dear madame—ere that coronet of ancestral diamonds shone on your brow, and when the shapely bust that now gleams above purple velvet was more shamefacedly draped in lawn of the freshest—which you now keep in a casket more securely locked than that which holds your jewels—which, perchance, you do not look at so often as you do at your diamonds, but which are sometimes brought out from their secret hiding-place, when the stately man to whom you are as fragile as steel is sleeping quietly in the next room. And if you shed tears as you talk with your ghosts, and if you reproach, with a passion you commonly keep in chains, the shadowy image of the slender boy whose face looks at you tenderly across a wide chasm, you are none the less glad at the bottom of your heart that you read the fairy story before you began the annals of a worldly life.

And you, reverend sir, whose is the true odor of sanctity—whose life is a constant reproach to us men of the world—whose toil in the vineyard is arduous and manly—who cherish, it may be, one whose face has grown dearer than that of any lost love—you, too, have a page in your history the hieroglyphics of which, undecipherable to other eyes, draw a moisture to yours that is seldom there save for the woes of others, as you unseal that page in the privacy of some midnight vigil.

And I—I have many such days, whose story is written plainly on pages I have not sealed—they be fair jewels I am too careless to put under lock and key, though they are more than priceless to me; but then no thief can reach them.

Is love so poor a thing that I should blush for it? Is joy a boon I should gainsay? Are memories like mine, that bring no flush of shame, nor involuntary ejaculation of denial, skeletons that should be put in closets? I know that many would say so, but I think, rather, that the blossoms that grow and fade and fall make a part of the beauty of even a barren tree, and that their leaves are worthy of pressing and keeping. Life has different growths with different men; and if mine run to blossoms, the curse that fell on the barren fig may fall on me, but none the less have I fulfilled my destiny.

Shall I regret that when yet a boy, with only a film of lustre across my life, I loved the proud young Southern beauty whose life had been a feudal romance? Who, shut in by the secure walls of distance from the beauties and ills of the world, had grown up like a fair flower in some untrodden waste. Who, with blue blood centuries old coursing in her veins, had had her ancestral pride fed by the loving service of a thousand slaves. Who was ripened all too early by the sage king of a Southern sun. Whose beauty, the gift of race and tropic birth, was like that of the fleur-de-lis, too full of the luxuriance of color and form for any artist save the cunning one of the eye to paint. Whose embrace was fervor, and whose kisses were flames. Why should I sorrow that a love all too warm to find life in the Arctic region of the social world, bourgeoned and grew for a month with the riotous largeness of tropic life? The utter luxury of existence was there. In the eternal Summer whose days were the fruition of all the promises of earth, the fairest flower of life grew, perfect and glorious. And if across the wide savannahs came faintly the clash that stirred the sierra-fabrics and stiffened the boy's tendons into the soldier's sinews—and if there was a storm of angry passion that crushed the life out of a love that was all too tender—should the memory of what had been be the less to me? I think not so. Pure passion as that love was, the tears that the sun would soon dry fell on the grave that in it was buried. And my glorious Southern love thinks now, I am sure (though I have heard never a single word from her), with hot throbs of delight, of the first story of life's supremest joy that was whispered in her ear.

And years after, on the crest of a noble hill that looked over three States, in a once fair home, whose beauty had been crushed under the heel of war, there was another story told that this rainy day tells over again. It is a story of a wounded soldier, hurt nigh to death, who fell at the gate past which his comrades rode, plunging headlong from his saddle, when there was scant time for farewells and none for rescue. He was taken in and tended with loving care, for the sake of another who had laid down his life in right soldierly fashion, falling in the thickest of the fight. Back from the shadowy land of death came the stranger, weakened by years of hardship and the gaping slash of a sabre, and he welcomed, as the earliest image of returning life, the tall, graceful form of a proud woman, whose voice was music, and whose face a dream. I was that man, and, if I brought the sorrow of hopeless, forbidden love to the wife of a cowardly brute, that love had for her its divine compensation, as it had for me its sharpest sting. There was no coy affectation of ignorance in the great blue eyes that flashed back a full response to mine, even while the pure lips, white with anguish, spake rigid words of denial. She was a picture of purity—not saintly or angelic, but womanly purity. Thrilled with passion as the strings of a viol thrill when their notes are sounded hard by, and with the glorious capacity of complete humanity for love, she was yet strong enough in her perfect womanhood to bear without a tremor of doubt or hesitation the shackles which others had forged for her ere she knew womanhood. And if, in the hopeless parting—the fit end of a story that was best ended soonest—those lips pressed one kiss on my brow, is there one who dares to scoff? To me that face is the perfect crown of humanity—the type of that largest nature that can see all the possibilities of "the pleasures of sin for a season" without wavering in loyalty—not to the man, but to the vow. Yet even that face looks no reproach at me across the years. To have suffered is not always sorrow.

One there was, a French girl, dainty, sweet and fair, as French girls sometimes are, who told me, not in a sentence, but in a year, what it was to love, and sang the old song in a different key from any that have sung it before or since. The quaint concerts of love, the intricate twistings of sentiment, the subtle refinements of passion, were all to her the well-conned alphabet of existence. No first love taught her those, nor did I attain the harvest of her last love—that best and truest first—but for a year we played at love. Not as Cleopatra might have done, in the savage relaxation of her tiger soul, under the glare of Egyptian noon, but in the pleasant gaslight of a nineteenth-century boudoir we grew into the intellectual intimacy of souls that found a common pleasaunce.

For the enjoyment of love—the adroit management of circumstance, whether trivial or grave, toward or untoward, that makes everyday life a romance—commend me to a French woman, or to an American woman with a French soul and a knowledge of the purer part of French literature. None other can match her finesse, or clothe the little things of love with the quaint, graceful garb that she will hang over the most formal triviality, making it an epoch in history.

And none other can kill a love, when it has had its day, with the grace that inflicts so little pain—for, after all, there is pain in the death of the lightest love. But as there is the greatest pleasure in this finessing, adroitly tactful

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

F. W. J., Great Bend.—1. A triple somersault over horses has never been turned in the United States. John Aymar accomplished the feat at Batty's Circus Royal, London, Eng., in 1843; but he lost his life while attempting the same feat Aug. 17, 1843; James Wheele, an English clown, turned a triple somersault, and subsequently lost his life while again attempting it. These are the only persons of whom we have authentic record who have accomplished the feat. Performers in this country are frequently announced to turn a triple somersault when in reality they only turn a double. 2. There is no champion bareback rider of the world.

SCRANTON, Hoboken.—1. He escapes being charged with an error for the dropped fly owing to throwing the man out at second. 2. Passed balls—on which bases are run—are to be scored as errors in the error column. 3. Score a base-hit, and no direct error was committed. 4. No; a plain chance for a catch was offered. No error is to be charged, as it was through a misunderstanding of the captain's call that the failure to catch the ball occurred. 5. To the first-basemen. 6. Yes, as a general thing.

NAIL CITY, Wheeling.—1. The dimensions of the yach' Peerless, belonging to J. R. Maxwell, and Undine, the property of H. Bryant, are as follow: Peerless—Tonnage, carpenter's old measurement; length over all, 73ft. 2in.; length on water line, 66ft. 3in.; beam, 18ft. 8in.; depth of hold, 6ft. 4in.; draft, 5ft. 9in. Undine—Tons, 45, old measurement; length over all, 51ft. 8in.; on water line, 46ft.; beam, 17ft. 6in.; depth of hold, 5ft. 4in.; draft, 4ft. 9in. 2. There is no champion belt for scullers in this country.

A CONSTANT CORRESPONDENT.—Marriages here are usually performed either by ministers or by the Mayor or his representative at the City Hall, and all marriages are required to be recorded. Any marriage ceremony which you state was performed by the late Judge Connolly in this city will almost certainly be found recorded at the office of the Bureau of Vital Statistics. It is unlawful here not to record a marriage, birth or death.

"ONE OF THE BOYS," Galveston.—1. D must give 13, what he last offered. He should have objected at first, when C was still in the game, and when B, the *setter*, made the mistake of bidding. Furthermore, E, who had passed out of the game before the mistake occurred, had no right to object or to say anything. 2. It is a silly "game," to be played in scarcely any two places alike, and has a hundred different names.

J. L. S., Aurora.—1. President Hayes took the oath of office privately on March 3, 1877, and publicly on March 5. 2. The oath could have been administered on Sunday, March 4. 3. The President's salary is $50,000. We have not those of the others immediately at hand. 4. Sixes beat aces at solo poker-dice.

C. G., Boston.—1. Four points can be made in one deal at four-handed partner-euchre. If the game is single-handed, four playing, more than four points ought to be recorded as a successful lone hand. How many more should be a matter of agreement. 2. It is optional with the non-dealer to take the deal or have the beg.

D. H., Nashville.—1. If Sparks was balloted for at all (and the statement is silent on this point), you lose, having had a chance to win. If he was not balloted for, it is no bet. 2. You would be right as to your ideas of betting rules were Sparks a horse, and the convention a trot or a running race.

AMPHION.—1. Amateurs performing in a hall already licensed would not have to pay any license. 2. Upon making a deposit to guarantee their safe return the costumes could be had for from $3 to $5. 3. No license is required for amateurs, unless they give public performances and charge an admission fee.

CONSTANT READER, Peoria.—Courtney is credited with rowing nearly eighty races, only two of which he lost, and then it was through accident that he was beaten. Most of his races were rowed prior to 1875, and were of minor importance.

MANHATTAN, Washington.—A loose, as the fact was worded. The game, being a tie, was a draw as between the clubs, upon each of whom rested the obligation to beat the other; but it was not so as between these two bettors.

JACK W., Chicago.—1. Any person can shuffle the cards, after which the dealer can shuffle them. The dealer can always shuffle last. 2. If A had played no card, it is a misdeal. As the misdeal was not of C's hand, it was not material whether C had played a card or not.

FRIEND, Petersburg.—A story founded upon Augustin Daly's play of "Pique" was written, and its publication in a serial for a commenced in a weekly paper published in Italy obtained an injunction, and stopped its further publication.

W. M. W.—A straight flush of king, queen, jack, ten and nine should beat one of from ace to five. The ace cannot be given two values in the one hand; and it cannot be called higher than the king in this particular hand, because then there would be no straight.

J. W. S., Warwick.—As the bet is stated, A loses. 2. Those "banks" have rules to protect themselves, and their decisions have necessarily, in practice, to be right. What our opinion is is not material, except when both parties to a dispute call for a decision.

F. W. S. V.—MRS. John Barnes, the mother of Miss Charlotte Barnes (Mrs. Edmon S. Conner), died in Utica Aug. 26, 1864, in the 84th year of her age, and was buried from her residence, in Vandam street, which she had occupied for more than thirty-five years.

ANDREW READER, Amenia.—1. If the pitcher was afforded a chance to field the player out, it was an error, not otherwise. 2. The ball striking a lumpy ground and bounding out of reach does not make an error for the fielder.

HYE S., New Haven.—As we know nothing of your qualifications for the stage, it will be impossible for us to advise you further than to say first you had better interview some of the managers of troupes visiting your city.

P. J. M., Buffalo.—1. There are two for a pair, four by fifteens, and six by sequences, in 6, 7, 7, 8. 2. A line of street cars runs through Stanton street from the Bowery, this city.

CONSTANT READER, St. Cloud.—1. At sixty-six a player can, at any time after he has taken a trick, exchange the nine-spot, if he holds it, for the trump-card. 2. The Alleghenys have disbanded.

NEW YORK BOY.—1. J. L. Downey walked fifty miles in 9h. 39m. 39s. at the Union Course last month, in an attempt to beat O'Leary's time, 8.41:30. 2. It depends on ability and reputation.

JOE YOUNG.—1. $4 per year. Full particulars at top of first column on eighth page. 2. According to the rules of the Prairie and Kennicott Clubs of Chicago, Ill., a gathered bird must show shot marks if challenged.

FAIR PLAYER, Pittsburg.—1. We are not sufficient of a sailor to answer the question correctly. 2. Sixes are high in poker-dice. 3. Joe Sadler was champion of England when he rowed Trickett. Higgins is champion now.

BUFFALO.—1. It was a game of ball as soon as five innings had been played on each side. 2. That is an open question. As no one has so bet, there is no necessity for a decision.

GOLDEN G. J.—"The Gilded Age," Mark Twain's own dramatization, was first acted in the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1874. Another version had been previously acted in San Francisco, Cal.

FLIP, Worcester.—1. The bet is off. 2. This case has no bearing. Such a bet could be won or lost, it depending upon the kind of horse-race. 3. We are as upon the rules of the course upon which the race is to take place.

STRATTON, Philadelphia.—Having been called, A must show his money to those who wish to see them. That is an obligation that cannot be evaded by relinquishing the pot.

BILLY.—His name does not appear in our files as the winner of a four mile-heat race in New Orleans in 1877. In the spring, George Quinine won in 7:46, 7:52; and at the Fall (or December) meeting St. Martin won in 8:13½, 8:40.

PARK RIDER, Chicago.—Sherman fought Sayers, April 17, 1860, returned to America in July following, left for England again March 22, 1862, and was beaten by Tom King Dec. 10, 1863, at Wadhurst, Kent.

BEERS, Oil City.—1. No record of distances in diving. 2, 3, 4. See CLIPPER ALMANAC. 5. Neither Engine 46 on the H. R. R. nor any other engine ever ran 992 miles in an hour. 6. No official time taken on the English racing-path. 7. Lynn.—Croquet is generally played without an umpire, and, if one is appointed, it is not part of his duty to inform forgetful players which wicket they should go through.

HARRY, Albany.—The Steinan Jewelry Co., Cincinnati, O., and firms in Providence, R. I., whose address we cannot give.

A. D., Washington.—A loses, unless the game was abandoned by mutual consent when it was possible, there being neither rain nor darkness, to play further.

J. C. F.—After all the cards have been taken up, it is obligatory to take every trick led; before that, a player can throw off.

E. G., New Milford.—The population of Chicago in 1870 was 298,977; of St. Louis, 310,864. There is no way of determining the present population of either.

LOU.—If A, overlooking the value of his own hand, says that the cards shown by B win, then A has no further claim upon the pot.

W. A. M., Brooklyn.—1. We do not know her address. A letter addressed to her in our care may reach her. 2. W. W. Lamonette was the costumer.

CORRESPONDENT, Toronto.—The items sent were too stale for our use when we received them. Those intended for publication must be written on one side of the paper, and contained in the letter. Postage stamps are not sufficient postage.

A. V. LYLE, Karns City.—I. Sim D. Kehoe was admitted to the insane asylum at Flatbush, L. I., in September last. 2. Cannot say.

D. W. G., Bridgeport.—1. The dealer goes out on the turned up jack. 2. A Senator can go abroad. 3. As to the other matters, we are not advised.

M. H., Boston.—The game is not euchre. There is, however, a special game in which that is permissible, and which is called euchre.

ROCHESTER.—We have no recollection of a pedestrian of that name, and are positive that he did not perform the feat alluded to.

G. W. R., Brooklyn.—Address a letter of inquiry to W. W. Fowler, Agent of the Berger Family, in care of this office. He will doubtless give you the information.

B. H. N. B., Petrolia.—If there are only five remaining, S. should draw them, and that will end the tie. If the places were all in hand, neither gets the count.

HANKRALLIST.—When a club-team leave the field and refuse to complete a game, they forfeit the match, and the batsman is credited with the forfeit, 9 to 0.

H. K., Reinbeck.—Alice Oates is to return from Europe early in August. Letters addressed to her in care of this office will at all times reach her.

GARVIN, Louisville.—The ball always goes to the winning club, no matter which club provides it. See section 2 of the first rule of the game.

H. DUNN.—Yes, as they did not win every game they played in 1869, though in that year they did not lose a game, one being drawn.

RICHMOND, Brooklyn.—There is no such game recognized as whist-boule, but no novel games should agree as to how those games are to be played.

MISS E. R., Brooklyn.—The American Literary Bureau, Cooper Institute, this city, make engagements for lecturers.

W. B. D., Oakfield.—A catch is made whenever the ball is momentarily held, whether by the hands or any other part of the person.

G. D. AND F. ST., Washington.—Your queries would be answered most satisfactorily at the office of the French Legation, Washington.

INQUIRY.—Cannot say whether he is in town or not. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

JOHN EDSON, Guelph.—Nothing to the contrary having been agreed upon when the match was made, it must be governed by the rules of athletics, which allow three tries.

READER, Memphis.—1. See advertisement for prices of Ed. James' books on the dumbbell and Indian club exercises. 2. It would probably have that effect.

C. MIDDLETON.—It would mean that it costs 30c. to forward it, 20c. of which is for insufficient prepaid postage.

T. F., Washington.—You lose. Five innings constitute a game when more cannot be played.

JACKLAS, Vicksburg.—We have no data as to the relative sizes of custom-houses.

E. P. S., Cooperstown.—Mr. Arbuckle is performing daily upon the cornet at Coney Island.

BRUNSWICK.—Apply to almost any dealer in stereoscopic views.

WATSONTOWN, Pa.—1. You hold the ball in hand until it is your turn to play. 2. See chess columns next week.

J. H. K., Brooklyn.—We do not know what the practice is in Brooklyn.

CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia.—The jack counts. 2. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

J. W., Fortbend.—The fielder has no right to tell how many cards are in her player's hand when drawn.

H. F. A., Memphis.—Write to Mr. Plimpton, Plimpton's Building, Sixty-seventh place and Ninth street, this city.

A FIREMAN, Chicago.—Dexter's best time is 2:17¼, made before he was owned by Robert Bonner.

W. H. A., Pawtucket.—There was no bet, the conditions upon which it was sought to base it having no existence.

HERMAN, Oil City.—It is not proper to carry the food to your mouth with a knife.

DEFIANCE, Ala.—Address, with stamp, the New York Medical College, this city, stating just what kind you want.

BROOKTON BOYS.—The man on the base was not out; he had to be touched off the base to be out in such case.

R. J., Ashton.—It was a dead ball, the ball hitting an "outsider," as the cricketer in question was.

MOODY AND SANKEY, Chicago.—Dexter's lowest record to wagon, which is what is called for, is 2:24.

J. S., St. Louis.—We cannot say who was formerly the manager of the boy-orator named.

T. S., Leavenworth.—The National Printing Company of Chicago, Ill., can supply you.

NARRAGANSETT.—Of course it is correct. The runner was forced out before being touched.

CHELSEA.—Having made the two he gave, C went out on his high, which counts before A's low.

E. K. B.—Manton Marble was born in Monroe County, N. Y., somewhere near Rochester.

T. J., Willesbarre.—We do not keep a record of their heights or weights.

J. H. A., Franklin.—We have inclosed your letter to him. Send advertisement.

HIT OR MISS, Bristol.—We cannot say where they are at present.

ORMOND & DOLAN, Peterboro.—Seven lines, $1.00 for each insertion.

C. S. D. AND FRANK, Evansville.—We do not give commercial opinions.

J. MOY., Belton.—We know nothing about the game called "Horsehead" or "Mustang."

T. C. F., St. Johnsbury.—Address as per his card in this issue.

DECLINED.—"Government Hash." "Nashville's Fair-est Belle." "The Risk that Beats All."

TUX, Boston.—We will endeavor to obtain the information, and answer in our next issue.

J. B. O., Worthington.—Write to W. P. Spaulding, Neponset, Mass., who can supply you.

L. H. JONES, Chicago.—The contestant who first crossed the line in his boat won. B could not win by swimming.

W. D. C., Uniontown.—No record of lifting that way but if you can do what you say, you can't be easily beat-en.

DR. G. W. MCGRAW.—Cannot say; we don't keep the addresses.

J. H. W., Uvalde.—Capt. Bogardus was never matched against Dr. Carver.

SECTY INDIANAPOLIS B. C.—Address Dennis Leary in our care.

JOHN FARRELL.—Tim Collins did not fight Sam Collyer.

G. E. N.—Five sixes beat five aces at poker-dice.

TICKETS, Columbus.—We are already supplied.

NEW ENGLAND HOTEL, Cleveland.—A loses.

READER.—From Waters & Son, Troy, N. Y.

SUB, Worcester.—You lose, under our rule.

E. S.—The strangers are not related.

H. H., Dayton.—56:25 is the best.

WEST, Chillicothe.—It is foul.

THE DRAMA—PAST AND PRESENT.

The drama of the present day is fashioned after a very different model from that which served a hundred years ago. We have not the same high literary standard, nor the elevated tone which characterized the older dramatic compositions. Now, there has been a great deal of nonsense indulged in with respect to this moral element in the drama. Some very estimable persons would have it appear that the modern playwright is alone responsible for introducing vice to the stage—that in the days of our grandfathers there existed a finer sense of delicacy, which restrained the dramatist and prevented him from turning liberty into license. Such talk is the essence of absurdity. All this so-called immorality of the drama hinges upon the observance or non-observance of the seventh commandment. Will anybody presume to say that this subject was not treated more bluntly by the dramatists of earlier times than by those who flourish now? Go back, if you please, to Shakespeare himself, and how many of his plays are fit for representation without first submitting to the expurgation of certain passages? Suppose the first scene of the first act of "Romeo and Juliet" should be enacted to-day as it was originally written? Or take the writings of the later dramatists—the standard English comedies, as we call them. "The School for Scandal" contains at least one scene which is far more indelicate than anything which our modern playwrights, even of the orthodox French school, would think of introducing into their works. The truth of the matter is, we have made long strides forward in the way of freedom from vulgarity, not only in dramatic, but in all other forms of literary composition. One would not care to read aloud, in the presence of a sister or a daughter, the writings of Dean Swift, nor Smollet, nor Fielding, nor all of Shakespeare; but he may pick up a volume of the present day in the tolerable certainty that, whatever its weakness may be, it will, at least, prove harmless. Good plays are rare—rarer than they were a hundred, or even fifty years ago. The wit which sparkled in the dialogue of the older dramatists is wanting to-day. The playwright works on a lower level. And yet it would be doing injustice to say that our modern dramatists have not performed some capital work. Moreover, if we regard the drama as embracing something more than the written lines—that is, if we hold it to be the production on the stage, as well as the composition of a play, we shall find that the present gains much by comparison with the past, for some plays of the present day enjoy the advantage of such scenery and setting as would have astonished the theatregoers of an earlier age. Of course, mere mechanical contrivances are not to be confounded with literary merit; but it is only fair that the concomitants of the acting drama should be considered. Now, with all that has been said about the stage as an educator, it must be confessed that its chief mission is to amuse. Nor is this mission to be considered unworthy. Wholesome amusement is something of which the world stands quite as much in need as it does of sermons or tracts. Man has been described as the animal that laughs. He is also the animal that cries. Whatever contributes to innocent mirth is to be counted of value. The drama affords a means of relaxation to thousands of persons whose lives are fraught with anxiety and care. It serves a purpose, and an exalted purpose at that, so long as it gilds, even for a brief hour, the sombre outlines of reality. It may carry with it its lessons; it may show the beauty of virtue and the ugliness of vice; it may inculcate the principles of honor, integrity and patriotism; but, over and above all this, its aim is to amuse. The drama of to-day does this, if nothing more. And it does it satisfactorily and well. We are not prepared to admit that, because the modern playwright uses lighter materials than did his predecessor, he therefore produces worthless fabrics. Nor would it be reasonable to declare that, because the present age has not given us a Sheridan, a Congreve or a Goldsmith, there has been nothing good in Robertson, Byron or Boucicault.

FISTIC CONGRESS.

The Congress of Artists who assembled in this city last week for the purpose of settling some question of vital importance to the athletic world at large, but more especially to the disciples of Pugil, was not so happy or harmonious in its deliberations as was that other Congress which recently concluded its session in Berlin. The actions of the two bodies referred to, while terminating amicably as regards the Berlin convocation and closing without decisive results in the New York conference, were somewhat different in their superficial aspects, although both seem to have had the same end in view, viz.: "How to preserve the peace, and avert a pending war." Berlin seems to have had less difficulty in arriving at a mutually satisfactory conclusion than had our belligerent representatives at their sessions in New York; because, in the first place, Berlin entirely ignored the problematic questions of stakeholder and referee, those officials having been courteously decided upon before opening the Congress, one Bismarck acting as referee; the well-known Dizzy, a two-handed fighter, and whose long experience in the Ring made him acceptable to both, wearing the harness of stakeholder; while Gortschy, a well-known Russian athlete, furnished the ropes and stakes; and All, of Turkish fighting renown, was privileged to select the ground, which he did to general satisfaction, a beautiful spot on the island of Cyprus being chosen owing to its eligibility for observing the movements of the cops, should any attempt be made to interfere with the proceedings. Had not these points been decided in advance, and with the mutual concurrence of all parties signing the articles of agreement as principals, seconds, and umpires, it is highly probable that the meeting would have terminated in a general row, the results of which would be fearful to contemplate. On the other hand, the New York Congress had made no arrangements to guard against the discord which the introduction of the question of stakeholder and referee was sure to create. Hence, when the representatives of Brooklyn commenced the siege of Troy by objecting to the gentlemen named by the latter as being capable and honest and of vast experience in Ring tactics, owing to the proximity of Troy to the capital of New York State, it was but natural that the wily Trojans should scale the heights of Brooklyn, and oppose to the bitter end the gentlemen set forth by the City of Churches as men without guile, and who were fit to hold money for a man's life. With so many good men pulling, as in a tug-of-war, in opposite directions, each side intent on holding the balance of power in this struggle for peace, we should not be surprised that the deliberations of this body of gladiators failed of those grand results which had been so eagerly discounted in advance. The sessions were lengthy, and the arguments, pro and con, were exhaustive and of a highly scientific character; Joseph Goss, a veteran Pugil, was very vehement and outspoken in his remarks; and that other expounder of constitutions, Dooney Harris, was equally sound and searching in his pleas in behalf of the rights of belligerents; the ripe experience of Michael Henry and James Curley, representatives respectively of Brooklyn and Troy, were also brought to bear upon the great subject in dispute; and gentlemen in the lobby, even, who had no direct interest in the question involved, lent their advice and offered useful suggestions in the hope that a proper solution of the intricate problem might be found; but all to no purpose, and the select coterie of representatives of the art and science of the nation found it necessary to dissolve the parliamentary gathering without being able to unite on a gentleman in whom both sides had confidence, and to whom the stakes might be confided without detriment to the rights of either belligerent. It is not that neither side named trustworthy parties for the high position, but the great confidence of each in the people of his own choice, and a strict adherence to party lines, was the rock upon which the Congress split; though, we should say, split without acrimony or bad feeling. Thus, though by different routes, both Congresses reached the same end. Truly, "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

IF YOU cannot find time or the means to go to Niagara, you can get a very fair idea of the roaring of the great cataract by standing within a block or so of the elevated railroad, and listening to the noise made by passing trains. We make no charge for this bit of useful information.

DURING the great heat of the past week, base-ball-players went into the field in the hottest part of the day, and played games right straight along, utterly regardless of the high temperature. In fact, some of the gentlemen at the home-plate sent balls "red hot from the bat," which were caught by the fielders with perfect coolness. Beneath the glare of the sun base-runners passed from base to base like a deer, and to see them taking things so comfortably seemed to reduce the temperature in our vicinity, as we sat quietly looking on and taking in the situation. We have yet to hear of a ball-player being seriously affected by the heat during the week. Which goes to show that, if people would all play baseball, we should hear but few complaints of the Summer heat. Just to think of a short-stop "taking 'em red hot!"

THERE SEEMS to be some difficulty in the way of making a match between those renowned hewers of wood and drawers of water—Messrs. Courtney and Hanlan—one side or the other interposing some obstacle at every meeting of their representatives. Where both men are seemingly so anxious to meet to decide the question of superiority, we should think that certain concessions might be made on each side—one giving way a little on that point, the other loosing his hold a trifle on this issue, and thus gradually reducing the circle of objections until there can be no further hitch. A contest between two such prominent scullers would make a fitting wind-up to this busy season of sporting events.

THE TREACHEROUS watermelon-rind will soon find its way into the waste places and gutters of our thoroughfares, and the small boy is already laying his plans and perfecting his schemes by which to entice the unwary wanderer to "take a tumble."

IN HIS happy hours of childhood, Potter of the investigating committee could stand on his head longer than any other boy. By the time he gets through with his investigation it will be difficult for him to decide whether he is on his head or on his feet.

WHOSOEVER SAYS we New-Yorkers are not a clean people must be a little off his balance, else why did we find from forty to fifty thousand persons per day using our free baths last week? And thousands of us out of town, at that!

THE FOLLOWING touching lines were suggested during a recent visit to one of our adjacent seaside resorts:

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean, likewise Coney Isl-*and!*

OUR ALDERMEN have decided to give the "Columbia" crew a fitting reception upon their arrival here. This will in part atone for the Aldermen's unpatriotic omission of the usual 4th of July celebration in this city.

LONDON was in a blaze of glory on the 16th inst., upon the return of Great Britain's envoys from the Congress of Nations at Berlin. In fact, all England became a *beacons' field* of resplendent light!

MANAGERS who took our advice and gave up their intention of running a Summer season in this city are showering untold blessings upon our head for our well-meant and valuable advice.

THE MAN who didn't believe in such a place of punishment changed his mind after being in St. Louis last week. And he says you needn't go farther than that city to find it.

WE DON'T hear so much about the potato-bugs as we used to. What's the matter with *them?* Have they, too, wilted under the scorching rays of the sun?

PROFESSOR TICE, the St. Louis meteorologist, in making predictions about the weather should give notice some days in advance.

THEIR "bark is on the shore" immediately preceding the immersion of a cage-load of canines in the East River.

HERE'S something worth knowing: A boat is safer when it's *made fast*, but a man isn't.

THERE WERE more than *ten broke* at that 4th of July equestrian spectacle in Louisville.

TURKEY is evidently cut up by the experimental carving of "the Powers."

THE INDIAN QUESTION—"Why does the white man follow my path?"

EMPEROR WILLIAM is well enough to have 'em "set him up again."

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** July 15: General Miles' fight with the Indians in Oregon was not sanguinary; Miles was outnumbered, but he drove off the Indians; the excitement in Oregon continues, and a call is needed to Washington for troops. Large parties of tramps have twice tried to board railroad trains in Iowa..... John Beane, by an explosion in a refinery at Titusville, Pa., is injured..... A heavy rain-storm in Iowa swept away two bridges on the Illinois Central line, and flooded things generally..... Charges preferred against Chief-Justice Shaeffer of Utah..... A litigation case between the Central Pacific and William Tell, lying at Philadelphia, led to a fight on board, in which pistols, knives and marlinspikes were used—all the parties injured—two dangerously..... R. M. Dennis, a colored man, killed by Calvin Anderson, a colored man, while attempting to break down the door to the latter's house with the help of a mob..... Disguise, at Bell Buckle, Tenn..... J. D. Kelley, arrested at Quincy, Ill., for debt, just after his release committed suicide by jumping into the river..... Charles Williams, one of the most expert believers in the occult sciences, arrested in Boston..... C. W. Morse, the embezzling collector of Newport, Vt., has returned and compromised—the town sustains no loss..... Jas. Lally, a well-known character, shoots Louis Riverdale, N. Y..... A boat containing eleven boys swamped in Compton Pond, Fall River, Mass.; two of the number drowned.

.....The Mexican treasury depleted—great uneasiness felt—Government Union Colony, Schemes and Projects, in Wisconsin—at Mazatlan there was no flour, and people were emigrating..... Cable: Italians are agitating for the annexation of Southern Austria..... The Queen's speech—her part—Thessaly: Austria to occupy Bosnia without opposition from the people; possible alliance between Italy and Greece as against Turkey..... City: A water main on Third avenue, near Fifty-ninth street, bursts in the main, and one hundred lots of carts flooded; damages $8,000; Dr. Whitehead again arrested, charged with malpractice; doubts about the soundness of Brooklyn Bridge..... Fire: Hotel and other buildings at Ogdensburg, N. Y.—loss $30,000, insurance $11,000; Doyle & Brothers' glasshouse, Pittsburg, Pa.—loss $10,000; Mrs. Cook's farm buildings, York, N. H.—loss $6,000, insurance $4,000.

*** July 16: 100 degrees in the shade in St. Louis..... The Umatilla Indians encounter and win a victory over Gen. Howard's forces..... Snakes," near Hot Springs Agency, July 2 .....E. S. Dinsmore of Worcester, Mass., after robbing his father of $5,000, elopes with a lady of that town..... Suicide: The hottest day of the season—93 degrees in the shade; thirty-five cases of sunstroke reported; several cases of yellow-fever at the Naval Hospital; A. M. & R. Davies, umbrella-makers, fail for $300,000, and W. P. Hoe & Co., printing-press builders, for $1 million; defaulting cashier of the Merchants' Exchange Bank, who has been missing for nine years, arrested..... Fires: Red Jacket Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.—loss $10,000—John Mitchell, a fireman, killed.

*** July 19: The Fort Hall Indians disturbed by the Bannocks rising—the Warm Spring Indians pretend to be too pious for scouting service..... M. McCarty burned to death by steel exploding which had been left to cool in an ingot, at the steel works, Cleveland, O..... Congressman Warner assaulted A. H. Byington, editor of *The Gazette*, Norwalk, O., with a cane, but was himself thrashed by the newspaper man..... The Cincinnati express-train stopped at Miamisburg by a tree across the track—a freight-train following wrecked the rear-roads and uprooted several telegraph-poles—Deputy-sheriff Grimes killed at Round Rock, Texas, by a couple of desperadoes whom he was attempting to arrest..... 102 degrees in the shade in Philadelphia, and intensely hot in many other places..... Cable: A crisis at Batoum—8,000 Laziz oppose the Russian occupation, the Turks removing material from Shumla and Varna for surrender to take place shortly; steamer Europa of the Anchor Line sunk off the Spanish coast by a collision with the British steamer Staffa—all saved..... City: A torrid day—96 degrees in the shade—forty people prostrated, and several deaths; J. Kerwin the builder fails for $2,000,000..... Fires: D. Browegg's store, near Montreal—loss $15,000, insurance $11,000; Catholic church at Brampton, Ont.; waste-heaps of the Dunbridge (Ont.) Company by spontaneous combustion; H. Merrill's and Mrs. Collard's dwelling, Suncook, N. H., burned by an incendiary—loss $8,000; M. Potter & Son's bobbin-spool factory, South Scituate, R. I.—loss $7,000.

*** July 20: John Dailey, a hotel-keeper near Stamford, Vt., kills J. P. Spellman in a quarrel over twenty-five cents..... Spotted Tail's braves ugly at the non-fulfilment of last Winter's promises..... The yacht Estelle exploded her boiler at Galveston, Texas—the engineer scalded..... By the giving-away of part of an Erie Railroad bridge near Port Jervis, N. Y., four ladies were precipitated twenty-five feet and badly injured..... The White Star line steamer Adriatic sank a schooner in the English Channel—the crew all drowned except one. Sam Bass, the desperado who killed Sheriff Grimes, fatally wounded and captured near Round Rock, Texas..... The Quebec Legislature prorogued until August..... The wheat crop in the West reported damaged by the heat..... A Dakota mail-driver attacked by hostile Indians at Cabin Creek, but escapes—Umatilla Indians decoy and kill a hostile war-chief in return for being pardoned—they also killed eleven others, and captured five prisoners and three hundred horses. Negotiations are now pending between Russians and the agents of the Hamburg line of steamers for the transfer of several of the latter's vessels to the Russian flag: Gladstone criticises the Berlin Treaty in a severe manner before the Liberal Association; dissatisfaction in Servia because she is required to contribute towards the payment of the Turkish debt; Russia has commenced to sell her war-material; the English Parliament not to be dissolved this year, intensely hot weather in Europe; Pope Leo to go to Perugia..... City: The heated term brought on by country folk eleven degrees in a day—ten deaths and eleven prostrations reported..... Fires: Workshop of the State Prison Company, Weehawken, N. J.—loss $30,000; Brantford, Ont.—loss $15,000, insurance $13,000; several buildings at Albany, N. Y.—loss $5,000.

*** July 21: Indian raiders encouraged by the Mexican authorities—the marauders shielded on their return to Mexico..... J. Gordon Bennett contemplates a double expedition to the North Pole—one vessel going by way of Behring's Straits and the other by way of Spitzbergen—his yacht Dauntless to be fitted for the additional Arctic cruise..... The yacht Ina capsized by a squall on Lake Michigan—Henry Elliott, one of the occupants, missing; when on board a gang of wrights and tramps boarded an excursion train at Cheshire, Ct., insulted and robbed the passengers, and, when satisfied, left without much opposition..... Sudden weather-change—terrific storms in the Western States and Canada—amount of property destroyed and several persons killed by lightning..... A tramp, ejected from a car near Utica, shoots John Sheehan, a brakeman..... The yacht Comette struck by a squall off Provincetown Boston Harbor. Jas. F. Robinson, one of the owners, drowned..... Fred Buchheimer, a noted Baltimore politician, shot and mortally wounded in that city..... Gov. Hampton asks for the pardon of fifteen illicit distillers..... $10,000 of the 4 per cents. sold in five months..... The American officers and sailors who shipped on board the Costa Rican man-of-war Iran are leaving at Panama in disgust..... Eight prisoners escaped from the jail at Watkins, N. Y., by knocking down and gagging the turnkey..... Tempel's comet reappears..... Trouble threatened in Panama—changes in the Government looked for..... Officer Kallaher of the Brooklyn, N. Y., police, fatally shot while attempting to quell a disturbance on an excursion-boat..... Cable: Turkish authorities crush opposition to Austria in Bosnia—the Austrian forces to enter July 28; annexation-meetings held at Rome and Genoa to further the annexation of South Tyrol; the Berlin Treaty condemned; the Hon. W. E. Forster, at the Cobden Club banquet in London, denounced the Berlin settlement; the labor troubles in France continue..... Fires: Lewis, Oliver & Phillips' iron mills, Pittsburg, Pa.—loss $15,000; Imsen Glass Company, same city—loss $8,000; a large number of buildings at Defiance, O.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ABELL, James Crane.—A native of St. Mary's, Md., but for many years a merchant of New Orleans—Texas, recently.

BALDWIN, Oliver P.—One of the editors of *The Baltimore Sun*, and for forty years a journalist and humorous writer. He was at one time editor of *The Lexington* (Va.) *Banner*, and at another edited *The Richmond Dispatch*.—Waverly, Md., July 17, aged about 67.

BRUNE, Frederick W.—A leading member of the bar of Baltimore, Md. He was graduated from Harvard in 1830, with Charles Sumner and Oliver Wendell Holmes—that city, July 18, aged 68.

BARNESLEY, Wm. R.—A prominent citizen of Montgomery County, Ind.—there, July 15, aged 56.

BUSH, Peter—An old resident of Ann Arbor, Mich.—there, July 15, aged 72.

BANG, Henry J.—One of the best known restaurateurs of this city. He was born at Bingen-on-the-Rhine in 1838, came to this country in 1854, and became a partner of Joseph Doelger in a lager-beer brewery in Stanton street, this city. His first restaurant was on the southwest corner of Broadway and Fulton street, and probably the last was on Broadway, opposite the Post-office. In 1864, he and the late ex-Coroner Schirmer, Judge Brennan, Oswald Ottendorfer and Solomon Hirsch built the Harlem Springs; but the scheme was unprofitable—this city, July 20.

CANTLEY, Judge A. G.—Stepfather of John G. McGrew, the gas-agent of Avondale, O. He had been clerk of the Committee of Commerce, Washington, D. C. Suicide—Avondale, July 17.

CUMMINGS, Nathan—One of the oldest residents of Portland, Me., where he was Collector-of-the-port under President Harrison—there, July 15, aged 82.

CURTIS, Mrs. Margaret—The oldest woman in Newport, R. I.—there, July 19, aged 99.

COX JR., R. K.—Formerly employed in the office of the City-treasurer of Cincinnati, O.—there, July 18.

COLLEY, Silas—A well-known citizen of Ann Arbor, Mass., for upwards of forty years—there, July 15, aged 83.

CLARKE, Rev. W. B.—A leading geologist—St. Leonard's, N. S. W., June 16.

CURTIS, A. N.—Colored, and a prominent Alabama politician. Killed by being thrown from his buggy—Marion, Ala., July 20.

COCHRAN, Christina Isabella.—Wife of Dr. Alexander Cochran—Brooklyn, N. Y., July 21, aged 37.

CRONEY, James H.—Of the firm of Croney & Lent, this city—here, July 20, aged 57.

DWIGHT, Harrison D.—A leading resident of Belchertown, Mass., and a close personal friend of the late Samuel Bowles of *The Springfield Republican*—Belchertown, July 15, aged 77.

DEVILBLISS, Thomas—A well-known citizen of Liberty District, Frederick County, Md.—there, July 12, aged 80.

ELY, Mrs. Elizabeth E.—Wife of Nathan C. Ely, president of the American Institute, this city—here, July 19.

ELKIN, Hon. Marion—One of the pioneers of Tuscola, Ill. Born in Woodford County, Ky., in 1805—Tuscola, July 15.

FOLTIER, Rev. Father Stephen—Founder and pastor of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, New Orleans—that city, about July 16.

FITCH, Rev. C. W., D.D., U. S. A.—Jeffersonville, Ind., July 13, aged 77.

FAULKNER, Mrs. Lucinda—Formerly of Cincinnati, O.—Cold Springs, Ind., July 12.

GUION, Rev. John M.—For twenty years rector of Trinity Church, Seneca Falls, N. Y.—there July, 30, aged 77.

HOWARD, Hon. Henry—Secretary of the Buffalo Savings-bank. He was born in Hinsdale, Mass., Sept. 15, 1800, and at an early age went to Detroit, Mich., of which city he became Mayor prior to being made State-treasurer of Michigan in 1828 by Governor Mason. In 1837, he went into business with the firm of Hollister Brothers. For the past ten years he had added to his other duties those of Treasurer of the Orphan Asylum of that city—Buffalo, July 14.

HATHAWAY, Thomas—An old merchant of New Bedford, Mass. He was for many years president of the Union Mutual Marine Insurance Company, and for some time the past president of the National Bank of Commerce—New Bedford, July 14, aged 82.

JONES, Dr. S. W.—A physician of Portsmouth, N. H. Drowned—Wekeva River, Orange County, Fla., recently.

KOCH, John M.—A foremost citizen of Fort Wayne, Ind., and for many years Recorder of the county. Suicide by morphine—that city, July 14.

LAWRENCE, Col. Joseph E.—A California pioneer, and at one time editor of *The Golden Era* of San Francisco—Toms River, N. J., July 15.

LOUD, Miss Sallie—Sister-in-law of Dr. Floore of Louisville, Ky. She had just returned from Europe, whither she had gone to purchase goods for a fashionable establishment—that city, July 14.

LUDLOW, Thomas W.—Vice-president of the National City Bank of this city—Yonkers, N. Y., July 17, aged 83.

LOTT, Hon. John A.—Born in Flatbush, L. I., was graduated from Union College, Schenectady, studied law with Henry E. Warner of this city, and in 1835 entered the Brooklyn law firm of Lott, Murphy & Vanderbilt, which was continued for many years. In 1836 Gov. Marcy appointed him Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in 1842 he was elected to the Assembly, and in 1843 he was advanced to the State Senate for a term of four years. In 1847 he became a Judge in the Supreme Court to fill a vacancy; and in 1869 he was elected to the Court of Appeals. He was president of the St. Nicholas Society, and also of the Brooklyn, Flushing and Coney Island Railroad. Nearly fifty years ago he married his cousin Maria Lott, daughter of the late Jeremiah Lott, who was for many years Surrogate of Kings County, N. Y. Found dead of apoplexy in his bath-room—Flatbush, July 20, aged 73.

BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

LEAGUE GAMES.

July 23, Indianapolis vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 23, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Boston.
July 23, Milwaukee vs. Providence, at Providence.
July 25, Chicago vs. Indianapolis, at Chicago.
July 25, Cincinnati vs. Boston, at Boston.
July 25, Providence vs. Milwaukee, at Providence.
July 27, Chicago vs. Indianapolis, at Chicago.
July 27, Cincinnati vs. Boston, at Boston.
July 27, Milwaukee vs. Providence, at Providence.

INTERNATIONAL GAMES.

July 22, Worcester vs. Buffalo, at Buffalo.
July 22, Manchester vs. Hornell, at Hornellsville.
July 22, Lowell vs. Buffalo, at Buffalo.
July 24, Springfield vs. Utica, at Utica.
July 24, Lowell vs. Hornell, at Hornellsville.
July 25, Lowell vs. Hornell, at Hornellsville.
July 25, Springfield vs. Star, at Syracuse.
July 26, Worcester vs. Buffalo, at Buffalo.
July 26, Manchester vs. Star, at Syracuse.
July 26, Manchester vs. Star, at Syracuse.
July 27, Springfield vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
July 27, Worcester vs. Hornell, at Hornellsville.

LOCAL CO-OPERATIVE GAMES.

July 22, Jersey City vs. New York Nine, at Centennial Grounds, Jersey City.
July 23, Hoboken vs. Williamsburg, at Centennial Grounds.
July 23, Montgomery vs. Skipper, at Union Grounds.
July 24, Jersey City vs. Orange, at Centennial Grounds.
July 25, Williamsburg vs. Hoboken, at Centennial Grounds.
July 25, St. John vs. Pleasure, at Union Grounds.
July 25, Williamsburg vs. Enterprise, at Capit'e Grounds.
July 25, Union vs. Hackensack, at Hackensack.
July 25, Hoboken vs. Amateur, at Centennial Grounds.
July 27, Jersey City vs. Witoka, at Centennial Grounds, Jersey City.
July 27, Montgomery vs. Astor, at Union Grounds.
July 27, Jersey City vs. Witoka, at Centennial Grounds.

REGULAR AMATEUR GAMES.

July 24, Staten Island vs. Knickerbocker, at Staten Island.
July 27, Staten Island vs. Polytechnic, at Staten Island.

PHILADELPHIA GAMES.

July 23, Schuster vs. Fairmount, at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue.
July 25, Athletic vs. West Philadelphia, at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue.
July 25, Alert vs. Fairmount, at Germantown.
July 26, Lincoln vs. Philadelphia, at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue.
July 27, Athletic vs. Young America, at Wayne Station.
July 27, Alert vs. Woodland, at Thirty-second and Spruce streets.
July 29, Athletic vs. Schuster, at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue.

THE LEAGUE ARENA.

Rob Ferguson was a happy man on Saturday night last, for then the record of the Boston team at the head of the list in the pennant race, something not known to Chicago since Al. Spalding had full command in 1876. It is very evident that Robert has got his men well in hand now, and apparently better than they have been at any time before. The Chicagos have closed their series with the Milwaukee nine, and this week and next will finish up with the Indianapolis team. With the former they have won ten out of the ten games played, and the latter have won four out of six. The Cincinnati Club have been the only stumbling block in the way of the Chicago nine thus far, and if they can get over them in August their chances will be bright. But Boston will be doing something in the interim, and, as they have five more games to play than the Chicagos have, they have a chance to take the lead again should they win two Cincinnati games. Boston and Chicago can hold their own there they will make the closing part of the race deeply interesting. Dickey Pearce is to umpire the games there this week. He ought to be well posted by this time—he should have twenty years' start. The success of the Providence nine in pulling up to fourth position is noteworthy. When they have Pike to assist them, they should make a further advance. The Cincinnatis have shown improved play lately, as their recent victories over the champions prove. The record to July 21, inclusive, is as follows:

	Boston.	Chicago.	Cincinnati.	Indianapolis.	Milwaukee.	Providence.	Won.	Drawn.	Played.	Per Ct.
Boston	—	2	3	6	5	5	21	0	30	.700
Chicago	4	—	0	4	10	4	22	0	35	.629
Cincinnati	2	6	—	4	4	4	21	1	30	.700
Indiana'lis	0	1	2	—	4	7	14	2	37	.378
Milwaukee	0	0	1	2	—	1	7	1	35	.200
Providence	3	1	2	1	4	—	14	0	29	.483
Games lost	9	15	14	21	27	15	99	4		

The summary of the above shows the clubs occupying the following relative positions:

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Played.	Per Ct.
Chicago	22	13	35	.629
Boston	21	9	30	.700
Cincinnati	21	9	30	.700
Providence	14	15	29	.483
Indianapolis	14	21	37	.378
Milwaukee	7	27	35	.200
Totals	99	99	4	

THE INTERNATIONAL ARENA.

The experience of the present season ought to plainly teach the delegates to the International Association Convention of 1879 what rocks and shoals they will have to avoid in their next year's voyage. This year several wrecks have been occasioned by the want of proper charts and a strict observance of existing laws for the guidance of the tubs. One rule, which is practically a dead letter in the Association, is that prohibiting clubs from engaging players or contracting with them while in other clubs until September next. A correspondent in Binghamton thus refers to the practical effect in one instance of the violation of the rule:

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—Apropos of the disbandment of the Cricket Club, I would like, to ask you if you consider the rules governing the expelling of players for crookedness or violation of contract sufficient protection to managements? In my estimation, so long as clubs are allowed to offer players in other clubs extra pay, and so to make them discontented to remain and fulfil their original contract, there is no protection to management. This, to my mind, is the reason the Crickets went by the board. There was unusual individual merit among its members, and they started out with flattering prospects of success; but soon some club wanted Ward to pitch for them, and offered a high bid; another saw that Smiley was splendid behind the bat, and another bid was offered; yet another wanted Hickerson for his effective batting, and he wanted to go; and so the seeds of demoralization were sown, and presto, change! the Crickets began to lose games. There was no longer individual interest and joint efforts to make the Crickets famous, but every interest to the players as individuals to have it collapse, that they might go to where more cash, if not more glory, awaited them. And, of course, such was the result. Every experience proves that when a player or players ask for release on these grounds they care no longer for the reputation of their clubs, and indifference is only crooked play under another name. This is not intended as an impeachment of any member of the Cricket nine only on these general grounds, and every other club is in just the same danger so long as this inducement is allowed to be offered by rival managements. And just here I would say a word for the Crickets. Binghamton asks too much of a club. It cannot relish defeat, and is altogether too critical of errors. It will not patronize a club that is not A 1, and yet it wants such a one for next to nothing. It is evident that baseball interests require some movement in equalization of salaries. For Binghamton is meeting without a ball nine, and until those things are adjusted, when players stand by their contracts and play for their clubs, unmindful of outside inducements, I am afraid it dare not attempt it again, and other places will in time follow suit.

This is sound doctrine, and should teach the International legislators of 1879 a good lesson. Another point is exhibited in the case of the enforced retirement of the Hartford players, to which club Secretary Williams says in his circular:

"Whereas, on the 17th of June last, in the championship game of the International series between the Hartford Baseball Club of Hartford, Conn., and the Buffalo Baseball Club of Buffalo, N. Y., that was played at New Haven, Ct., the Hartfords failed to pay, as required to do by Section 10 of Article XIII of the constitution, to the Buffalo Club, the return, the guarantee of one-third of the gate receipts (.67 dollars), therefore, as directed so to do by the Judiciary Committee, I do hereby make proclamation of the fact that the Hartford Club has been expelled from membership in the International Association."

When we heard of the playing of a dismissed crooked player in the Resolute nine, we wrote to the Secretary of the International Association with a view of having the club that had violated the rules expelled at once. In reply Mr. Williams says:

"I have read your note and inclosed slip concerning A. G. Dickey playing in Binghamton, and in reply would say it my duty to explain as follows: At the convention of this Association last February the Alaska, Crystal, Enterprise, Resolute, Alaska of Staten Island, and the Orange Clubs, from New York and vicinity, were admitted to membership in this Association, which membership they all forfeited, except the Alaska of Staten Island, by their failure to pay their dues, as required by Sec. 1 of Art. VI of our constitution. The Alaska Club of Staten Island forfeited, as our members, but has never been, partly through negligence and partly because I desired to give any of them who wished a chance to pay up, and not deprive them of membership simply for non-payment of dues at selected times. I have never heard a word from any of these clubs—except the Alaska of Staten Island—since the convention, though I have sent bulletins and letters to all of them."

While all these clubs named as having forfeited their membership are out of the pale alike of punishment and protection by the laws of the Association, they are not at all relieved from the onus of the moral responsibility of engaging dishonest players. They have saved the pecuniary trifle of the annual dues and fees only at the cost of the more valuable prize belonging to the International Association, without the membership of which institution they cannot be regarded as held to any responsibility whatever.

The retirement of the Hartfords makes another adjustment of the record necessary, and the figures as they now stand recorded up to July 20, inclusive, not including any of the Hartford's games, show the clubs occupying the following relative positions:

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Played.	Per Ct.
Tecumseh	2	12	25	
Buffalo	19	10	29	
Star	16	10	26	
Rochester	16	16	32	
Utica	14	9	23	
Hornell	14	11	25	
Lowell	14	11	25	
Manchester	12	16	28	
Springfield	8	14	22	
Worcester	12	16	28	
Allegheny	0	11	11	
Cricket	5	6	11	
Totals	143	143		

International games for week ending July 20:

Date.	Winning Club.	Losing Club.	Where Played.	Score.
July 15	Utica	Worcester	Utica	9 to 5
July 15	Rochester	Lowell	Rochester	10 5
July 15	Buffalo	Manchester	Buffalo	1 0
July 16	Tecumseh	Lowell	London	2 1
July 16	Rochester	Manchester	Rochester	9 0
July 17	Tecumseh	Lowell	London	13 0
July 17	Rochester	Worcester	Rochester	1 0
July 17	Buffalo	Star	Buffalo	3 2
July 17	Worcester	Rochester	Rochester	3 2
July 18	Buffalo	Lowell	Buffalo	7 3
July 18	Tecumseh	Worcester	London	7 0
July 19	Hornell	Star	Hornellsville	7 1
July 19	Buffalo	Manchester	Buffalo	5 1
July 19	Lowell	Rochester	Rochester	5 1
July 20	Tecumseh	Worcester	London	11 6
July 20	Hornell	Manchester	Hornellsville	4 0
July 20	Star	Rochester	Rochester	6 5

* 8 innings (rain). † 11 innings.

The following is a record of International games played by the Hartfords:

Date.	Winning Club.	Losing Club.	Where Played.	Score.
April 29	Rochester	New Bedford	New Bedford	2 to 1
May 2	New Bedford	Hornell	New Bedford	3 0
May 4	Hornell	New Bedford	New Bedford	4 0
May 8	Cricket	New Haven	New Haven	7 0
May 10	Allegheny	New Haven	New Haven	8 0
May 11	Allegheny	New Haven	New Haven	10 0
May 16	Buffalo	New Haven	New Haven	5 2
May 17	Buffalo	New Haven	New Haven	3 2
May 18	Tecumseh	New Haven	New Haven	6 3
June 1	Utica	Hartford	Hartford	5 2
June 3	Utica	Hartford	Hartford	3 0
June 7	Star	Hartford	Hartford	2 1
June 12	Lowell	Hartford	Lowell	16 1
June 18	Manchester	Hartford	Manchester	2 1
June 14	Worcester	Hartford	Worcester	12 6
June 18	Springfield	Hartford	Springfield	8 4
June 25	Worcester	Hartford	Hartford	4 3
June 27	Manchester	Hartford	Hartford	6 1
June 29	Lowell	Hartford	Providence	12 0

* Eleven innings.

† The ATHLETICS of Philadelphia are regaining their old supremacy. They have now a first-class professional nine, captained by the veteran Sensenderfer, and including the best players in their respective positions that could be selected from the many promising young amateurs of Philadelphia by Manager A. H. Wright.

CINCINNATI vs. BOSTON.

There was a big crowd present on the Cincinnati Club Grounds July 16, and they were made happy by seeing the home club "get away" with the Bostons. The latter were first to score, earning two runs after two men were out off a single by Morrill and a two-baser by Bond. No more runs were obtained until the seventh inning, when the home nine did some heavy work with the stick, and tied the score, although the Bostons fielded magnificently, putting out three men at the plate. The Cincinnatis took the lead on the eighth on hits by Sullivan and Will White, and errors of Snyder, Burdock and Wright. With two men out in the seventh, Snyder and Wright made safe hits, and Snyder tallied on Dickinson's passed ball. Jones' three-baser and singles by Kelly and Sullivan in the ninth got in another run for the home club.

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dick'son, l.f.	4	0	1	4	0	1
Gerhardt, 2b	5	1	1	4	1	0
McVey, 3b	4	1	1	1	3	2
J. White, c.	4	0	0	7	3	1
Kelly, r. f.	4	0	3	1	0	0
Jones, c. f.	4	1	2	1	0	1
Sullivan, p.	4	1	2	0	4	0
Sutton, 3d b.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Morrill, 1st b.	4	0	1	8	0	0
Bond, p.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Snyder, c.	4	0	1	1	5	0
Totals	38	5	14	27	17	6

BOSTON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Wright, s. s.	4	0	1	1	4	0
Leonard, l. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
O'Rourke, c. f.	4	0	1	6	0	0
Manning, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Burdock, 2b.	3	0	1	4	3	0
Morrill, 1b.	3	0	1	8	0	0
Bond, p.	3	0	0	0	3	1
Snyder, c.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Totals	31	1	4	27	12	1

Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	0	5
Boston	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1

Earned runs—Cincinnati, 1. Two-base hits—O'Rourke, 1; Dickerson, 1; Kelly, 1; Will White, 1. First base on errors—Boston, 3; Cincinnati, 3. Double-plays—McVey, Gerhardt and Sullivan, 1; Gerhardt, Sullivan, 1; Wright, Burdock and Morrill, 1. Umpire, Mr. Walsh of Louisville. Time, 2h. 15m.

PROVIDENCE vs. INDIANAPOLIS.

The way in which the Rhode Islanders landed on Nolan in the seventh inning won them a game with the Indianapolis Club, at Indianapolis, Ind., July 16.

PROVID'CE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Higham, r. f.	5	3	1	0	1
Sweasy, 2d b.	5	0	0	2	3
York, l. f.	4	0	2	0	0
Brown, c.	4	0	1	4	2
Hines, c. f.	5	3	0	2	2
Carey, s. s.	3	0	0	1	3
Murnan, 1b.	3	0	1	9	0
Hague, 3d b.	4	0	0	3	0
Ward, p.	3	0	0	0	10
Totals	38	6	7	27	25

INDIANAP.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Quest, 3d b.	4	0	0	5	4	0
Clapp, l. f.	4	0	0	2	3	1
Nealon, r. f.	4	0	2	0	0	0
McKelv'y, c. f.	5	0	0	1	1	1
Nolan, p.	4	0	0	0	7	0
William'n, 3b	4	0	1	1	1	0
Chapman, c.	4	0	0	14	0	0
O'Neil, s. s.	4	1	1	1	1	0
Lawlor, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Moriarty, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Fox, 1b.	4	0	1	9	0	0
Miller, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	37	1	6	35	17	3

Providence	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	3	6
Indianapolis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1

Two-base hits—York, Hines. First base on errors—Providence, 2; Indianapolis, 2. Double-plays—Brown and Murnan. Hines and McKelvey, Quest and Warner, Quest and Croft. Umpire, Julien of Indianapolis. Time, 2h. 25m.

MANCHESTER vs. UTICA.

By grouping their hits in the final inning the Manchester Club won a game at Utica, N. Y., July 17, the local team being superior in both batting and fielding, but their errors were close together and their base-hits were scattered.

MANCHEST'R.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Daily, s. s.	5	0	1	3	1	0
O'Rourke, lf.	5	0	0	2	0	0
Leary, c. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Kelly, r.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Searry, p.	4	2	2	0	5	2
Cogswell, 1b.	4	0	1	9	0	0
Hawkes, 2b.	4	1	0	2	2	0
Reardon, 3b.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Madden, 1b.	4	1	1	8	0	1
Totals	38	6	8	27	14	9

UTICA.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Purcell, p.	4	0	0	0	4	1
Rieb'de'r, cf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Richmond, s. s.	5	2	3	0	2	1
Latham, 2b.	5	1	2	2	5	3
Kelly, r. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Mc'Guess, lb.	2	0	0	6	0	0
Smith, 3b.	2	1	1	1	1	0
Wilson, c.	3	0	1	10	0	0
Alcott, p.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	32	4	9	22	12	5

Manchester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	6
Utica	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4

Earned runs—Manchester, 3; Utica, 4. Two-base hits—Woodhead, Richardson. Three-base hits—Richardson, Richmond, Alcott. First base on errors—Manchester, 3; Utica, 3. Umpire, E. A. Mathews, Utica. Time, 2h.

An exhibition game on the 18th was called at the end of the fifth inning, so that the Manchesters could take a train for Buffalo. The Uticas won by 3 to 0.

UTICA.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Purcell, c. f.	3	0	0	2	0	1
R'hards'n, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Richm'nd, s. s.	2	1	0	0	4	1
Latham, 2b.	3	0	1	2	2	0
Kennedy, r. f.	3	2	0	1	0	0
Mc'Guess, lb.	2	0	0	9	0	0
Smith, 3b.	2	1	1	1	1	0
Wilson, c.	3	0	1	10	0	0
Alcott, p.	3	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	24	4	3	25	10	2

MANCHEST'R.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Daily, s. s.	4	0	0	1	2	0
O'Rourke, lf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Leary, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Kelly, r.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Searry, p.	4	0	0	0	4	0
Cogswell, 1b.	4	0	0	9	0	0
Hawkes, 2b.	4	0	0	2	2	0
Reardon, 3b.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Madden, lb.	4	0	0	8	0	0
Totals	36	0	0	25	9	0

Utica	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4
Manchester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Boston College, 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 3 2 0—6
Beacon ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Two-base hit—Madden. First base on errors—Boston College, 4; Beacon, 5. Double-plays—Madden and Reardon, Sawyer and Campbell. Umpire, Nate Wilbur of Boston. Time, 2h. 15m.

KING PHILIP vs. HOWARD.

The King Philips of Rockland, Mass., went to Brockton, Wednesday, July 17, and fairly routed the Howards of that place to the tune of four to one. The Howards made one error, the King Philips one, and the batting was very good, especially that of Torry, Beals and Eldridge. About twelve hundred persons witnessed the game.

KING PHILIP.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Torry, c. f.	5	0	2	1	0
Beal, r. f.	5	1	1	2	0
Reed, l. f.	4	1	1	2	0
Thomps'n, lb	4	2	1	10	1
Bates, s. s.	4	0	0	3	5
Shaw, 2d b.	4	1	0	2	2
Estes, p.	4	0	1	2	2
Eldridge, c.	4	0	1	7	0
Totals	35	5	6	27	10

HOWARD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Packard, c.	4	0	0	5	2	4
Hallett, p.	5	0	0	1	6	1
Hallett, 1b.	5	0	0	9	0	0
Eldridge, 2b.	4	0	2	3	2	1
Hartwell, 3b	3	0	1	1	3	1
Hayes, s. s.	3	0	0	2	3	2
Whitney, l. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Perkins, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Canary, r. f.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	35	1	4	27	16	9

King Philip	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	1	0	4
Howard	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1

Umpire, Charles Clapp of Weymouth.

STOTTVILLE vs. HARTFORD AND HUDSON.

Below we present scores of two twelve-inning games played at Stottville and Hudson, N. Y. respectively, July 17, 18, in each of which the Stottville team were victors.

STOTTVILLE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
W. Scott, c.	1	0	2	0	0
Snyder, 1st b.	0	0	16	0	0
Sloane, l. f.	2	3	2	2	4
Capernoitor, p.	1	1	0	7	1
O'Neil, 3d b.	1	1	6	6	1
Lawlor, c.	1	1	4	2	4
Moriarty, s. s.	2	1	1	3	1
Evers, 2d b.	1	0	1	1	0
Hudson, r. f.	0	0	3	2	1
Totals	9	11	36	21	12

HARTFORD.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Lynch, p.	3	4	2	2	0
Barrett, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Doian, s. s.	1	0	2	5	2
Taylor, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
West, 2d b.	1	3	7	2	4
O'Brien, c.	1	0	7	0	4
Fleet, 3d b.	1	1	1	2	0
Barney, r. f.	0	1	2	1	1
Clinton, 1st b.	0	2	11	0	2
Totals	7	12	36	13	15

Stottville	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	3—9
Hartford	2	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0—7

Umpire, Frank Pitcher. Time, 2h. 30m.

HUDSON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Noble, l. f.	1	1	2	1	0
Pitcher, r. f.	0	2	2	0	1
Smith, 2d b.	0	1	0	2	1
O'Connor, c.	0	0	14	3	0
Yacobis, 1st b.	0	1	14	1	1
Callahan, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	2
Kent, p.	0	1	1	9	0
Fox, 1b.	0	0	1	0	0
Miller, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	1	6	36	18	10

STOTTVILLE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
W Stott, c. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Snyder, 1st b.	1	1	9	0	0
Sloane, c.	0	2	18	2	2
Capernoitor, p.	0	0	1	14	0
O'Neil, s. s.	1	1	1	0	0
Lawlor, 3d b.	0	1	2	0	0
Moriarty, l. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Evers, 2d b.	1	0	1	1	0
Hudson, r. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	3	7	36	19	4

Hudson	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
Stottville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3—3

Earned runs—Stottville, 1. Two-base hit—Sloane. Three-base hit—Capernoitor. First base on errors—Hudson, 1; Stottville, 1. Double-plays—Pitcher, Smith and O'Connor; Capernoitor, Snyder and Sloane. Umpire, Mr. Julien of Indianapolis. Time, 2h. 5m.

In their second encounter, 18, the local players, although batting beautifully, were exceedingly weak at the bat, and failed to make a single run while their opponents were putting three together, two of which were due to a high throw by McKelvey.

HARTFORD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Higham, r. f.	4	2	3	2	0	0
Sweasy, 2d b.	5	0	0	2	3	1
York, l. f.	4	0	2	4	0	0
Brown, c.	4	0	0	3	1	1
Hines, c. f.	3	0	0	2	2	0
Carey, s. s.	3	0	0	1	3	1
Murnan, 1b.	3	0	0	9	0	0
Hague, 3d b.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Ward, p.	3	0	0	0	10	1
Totals	33	3	7	27	25	8

INDIANAP.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Quest, 3d b.	4	0	0	5	4	0
Clapp, l. f.	4	0	0	2	3	1
Nealon, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
McKelv'y, c. f.	5	0	0	1	1	1
Nolan, p.	4	0	0	0	7	0
William'n, 3b	4	0	1	1	1	0
Chapman, c.	4	0	0	14	0	0
O'Neil, s. s.	4	1	1	1	1	0
Lawlor, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Moriarty, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Fox, 1b.	4	0	1	9	0	0
Miller, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	37	1	4	35	17	3

Hartford	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	3
Indianapolis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1

Earned runs—Hartford, 1. Two-base hits—Higham, Hague. First base on errors—Hartford, 2; Indianapolis, 2. Double-plays—Hines and Murnan. Umpire, Mr. Julien of Indianapolis. Time, 2h. 5m.

PROSPECT PARK CHAMPIONSHIP.

The following are the scores of the two championship games played at Prospect Park July 20:

WINONA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Rose, c.	0	0	5	1	0
Wobbe, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Sweat, 3d b.	0	0	1	4	6
Gill, c.	0	0	9	5	3
Brown, 1st b.	0	0	11	2	1
Bennett, 2d b.	0	0	2	1	0
Roberts, s. s.	0	0	0	2	2
Connelly, l. f.	0	0	0	1	3
Ryan, p.	0	0	0	2	1
Totals	0	0	27	18	16

NAMELESS.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Slack, c.	0	0	3	2	2
Lee, 2d b.	0	0	3	2	2
Smith, c.	4	0	13	2	4
Nelson, c. f.	3	1	1	0	1
Quilty, c.	3	0	1	6	2
Denham, p.	1	1	0	5	0
Crosby, l. f.	1	4	0	0	0
Benner, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Arthurs, 3d b.	1	0	3	0	0
Totals	14	9	27	10	8

Winona	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Nameless	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	2	1—11

First base by errors—Winona, 5; Nameless, 11. Umpire, Mr. Fox. Time, 2h.

PUTNAM.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Seward, l. f.	2	3	3	0	2
Edwards, r. f.	2	0	1	0	0
McGlone, 3d b.	2	1	2	2	3
Carter, s. s.	2	3	0	3	1
Extance, 1st b.	1	1	9	1	0
Rasch, 2d b.	0	1	1	3	2
Cox, c.	1	2	6	1	4
Nelson, p.	1	1	0	1	0
Wilson, p.	1	0	0	0	1
Totals	12	11	27	8	13

CONTIN'TAL.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McGuff, 3d b.	1	1	1	1	0
Breslin, c. f.	1	0	1	0	1
Kane, r. f.	1	1	0	1	0
Mullen, l. f.	1	1	2	0	0
Wynne, 2d b.	1	0	4	0

MISS MARY WELLS, Actress.

For Obituary see City Summary.

THE SONG OF THE "CAN'T-GET-AWAY."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

All day long, in the hot, dry city,
I sit at my desk, and vainly sigh
For the fresh green fields and meadows pretty,
With the babbling brooks running idly by—
For the cold, green waves of the grand old ocean,
Beating forever the bright, white beach
In the ebb and flow of their ceaseless motion—
And for kindred joys beyond my reach.

With my eyes half-closed, I can almost fancy
I see the crowd in the tumbling surf,
And I hear, with my day-dream necromancy,
The croquet-balls on the close-cropped turf.
The laughing girls in their muslin dresses,
With half-feigned malice, roquet with spite,
While I rouse myself, with idle guesses
If the glass will be ninety above, to-night?

Down the river, the yachts go skimming;
Up the river, the row-boats go;
In shady pools are the bathers swimming,
Startling the fish as they dive below.
By the shady roadside the picnickers gather,
In the dusty street men toil for pelf;
But health is better than money, rather—
By Jove, I believe I will go, myself!

Washington, D. C., July, 1878. HAROLD G. UNDERWOOD.

THE DARK AND THE LIGHT:

OR,

DRIFTING APART ON THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

A Story of Absorbing Interest, Thrilling Effects, and Powerful Dramatic Situations.

BY JANE MILL,

AUTHOR OF "DAN'S TREASURE," "CLYTIE CRANBOURNE," "THE GOLDEN BOWL," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A GUARDIAN FROM THE PAST.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.—LONGFELLOW.

The police-station at Little Bampton was not an imposing structure, being neither more nor less than a small cottage in which the chief-constable and his wife lived, one comparatively strong room being used as a temporary lock-up. All cases of importance had to be taken to Barrowdale, four miles off, the seat of the Earls of Borrowdale, which was also a market-town, and where a stipendiary magistrate was supposed to sit three times a week in the Town Hall, to dispose of trifling cases and administer justice. A stern-looking man, with a merry twinkle in his eye that contradicted the hard lines of his mouth, Joshua Judge, the chief-constable, believed, first of all, in the importance of his own office, and next in the strict impartiality of the law. Very patiently he listened to Lady Travers' statement that she had lost a brooch, had sent for a constable, had the boxes in her house searched, and now accused the girl whom her niece had adopted, calling herself Lucile Travers, of having stolen it. There was such evident spite in the old woman's manner of making the accusation that Joshua Judge looked at her over his spectacles and asked somewhat seriously:

"Are you serious in making this charge against the young lady?"

"Serious? Of course I am. What do you mean? Am I to be robbed, and be patient?"

Stubbs, the constable, next gave his statement, truthfully, but evidently in Loo's favor.

Mabel's statement about the key, corroborated by Grace, the housemaid, followed; then the girl was asked what answer she had to make to the charge.

"I don't know anything about it," was the reply. "I never saw the brooch before. None of my drawers or boxes were locked, as I told that man," indicating Stubbs. "I had put some violets in the box this morning, and left the key in it. The key was a peculiar one, the part you hold in your hand being wide and ornamented."

"Then you deny the charge?"

"I do."

The charge was read over to Lady Travers, who in a shaky hand signed it.

Then the chief-constable said:

"You will have to remain here to-night, young lady. My wife will take care of you. In the morning I shall take you to Borrowdale, before the stipendiary. You will see that these ladies come, too," he added, to Stubbs.

The man touched his hat, while Lady Travers could scarcely conceal her fiendish triumph.

"Be firm, Loo," Mabel whispered. "I shall come to see you later in the day; meanwhile I have no time to lose. I must thwart and punish this wicked old woman."

"I know you will do all that is possible," the girl said, while her lip quivered.

Then she was led from the room, Mabel following, when, after arranging with Mrs. Judge for her darling's comfort, she requested that Stubbs might be sent back to Lady Travers' house with her, to take away everything belonging to herself and Loo.

"She will be accusing me of theft next," she exclaimed bitterly—"that woman who for fifteen years I kept from the workhouse!"

"You're paying Lady Travers for your board, aint you, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Judge, who had been talking a few minutes with her husband.

"Yes, I am."

"And money is no object to you?"

"None."

"Well, don't you think it's better to keep close to an enemy, and fix your eye on him, and see which way he means to strike? You'll never find out about that key if you leave the house."

"True."

And Mabel clasped her forehead desperately, trying to see her way in the bewildering darkness that was before her.

"Of course, it's not for me to say anything, ma'am; but money goes a good way in making servants sharp; and now I'll take care of the young lady as if she was my own daughter, particular if she'll promise not to run away."

"I promise that for her—may I not, Loo?"

"Yes," was the reply.

A frantic embrace, then the two women, who had never been separated for a day since that time when poor Dreddy Dorset met his untimely fate, parted now, the one to throw herself despairingly upon the narrow bed, a prisoner; the other to go out into the world to fight the battle of right against might, of truth against malignant falsehood and treachery.

Outside the police-station door she came upon Captain Speke and his son.

"Forgive me, Miss Travers," said the brave old man, who had seventeen years ago stood on the deck of the Lurline, ready to face death, and inspiring heroism in the hearts of crew and passengers, who otherwise would have rushed into all the excesses that drowning and despairing men are prone to.

These seventeen years had aged and bronzed him, but the same kind yet imperious gray eye that had given confidence to Lady Alice in her dying hour, that had subdued Lady Elizabeth when she would have questioned the claim of the waif he had rescued from the sea, now looked into Mabel Travers' face:

"You are in some trouble; can I help you? Though we are comparative strangers, you may command my services as an old friend."

Mabel looked at him. She was a woman, and could fight like a lioness for her cubs in the service of those she loved; but these kind words unnerved her, and she burst into tears. The captain looked vexed and perplexed, as well he might. Miss Travers was not long in regaining her self-possession, however, and she said gratefully:

"I am in great trouble. I want the advice of a man. But I cannot talk to you here."

"No; Reg, go and tell Mrs. Saunders we want her best sitting-room for half an hour, and tell her to keep the children out of the way. The wife of one of my tars," he explained to the lady; "her husband is master of my son's yacht;" and then he led the way to a pretty, sheltered cottage a few yards up the road, into which his son had preceded him.

"I'm sure I'm only too honored, captain," said the buxom woman, with a baby in her arms, as she led the way into her best sitting-room, with a curtsey to the lady; then, calling her children around her, she went off into the garden, in full sight of the house, but quite out of hearing, as a kind of proof that she was above the vulgar feeling of curiosity. A few words from Mabel put Captain Speke in possession of the facts of the case, and, though his indignation against Lady Travers was not quite so loudly expressed as his son's, it was quite as deep.

"But she must have some motive for her spite," he observed; "it seems so strange that she should accuse her own relative."

"My adopted niece is not her relative, and no kin whatever to us; that is the cause of her spite," replied Mabel. "I took the child from a hospital and adopted her; my aunt—she is but my aunt by marriage—was living with me at the time—indeed, she had no other home; she took an intense hatred to the child, and has never forgiven her or me because I refused to part with her."

Then followed a narrative of the brooch which Mrs. Dorset had given Loo, with the assurance that her sister would readily come forward and give evidence on the girl's behalf.

"I suppose you knew the girl's parents?" observed Captain Speke carelessly.

"No, I did not; she was picked up in the streets, having been run over; she spoke more Hindostanee than English, though we could make but little of it out; from that day to this no one has claimed her; but what of that? I have educated her as though she were my own child; all that I possess will one day be hers. I love her more than many mothers love their offspring. But we are losing time; I must telegraph for my solicitor and for the friend who first found Loo, if indeed he is in England; if not, I must send to Spa. No time must be lost; every hour that my child remains a prisoner is to me intolerable agony."

"I am sure of it; but listen to me, Miss Travers; I can be of some use," said the sailor bluntly. "I am a magistrate of the county, and a man of some position here. One day I hope to entertain you, and your niece too, at Speke Hall. To-morrow I will be on the bench at Borrowdale when your niece is brought up, and I will be surety for her appearance to any amount. In the meantime, if you will allow me, I will instruct my solicitor to undertake the defense; you can send for your own all the same, but he can scarcely be in time to be of use to-morrow, and the first step is to set the young lady at liberty. If she is out on bail we can fight the case more calmly, consequently with more chances of success, to say nothing of the young lady's comfort."

"Thank you; indeed you are a friend in need," replied Mabel gratefully.

And then she asked his advice about the desirability of remaining any longer in Lady Travers' house.

"Stay, by all means," was the emphatic rejoinder, "until your niece is free; bribe all the servants handsomely to watch the old woman; engage a detective or two to look after her when she leaves the house. The chances against finding the key in her possession are a million to one; still, sometimes the one wins. I would take another house at once, however; if your niece is free to-morrow she cannot return to the old harridan's. Reg will go with you to send your telegrams and arrange for a house, while I pay a visit to my lawyer; I shall see you to-morrow at Borrowdale."

Then Captain Speke shook hands and went his way, leaving his son to accompany the lady. Reginald Speke, however, was not so discreet as his father; and when, an hour or two later, Mabel was saying adieu to him and expressing her gratitude to his father for showing so much kindness to complete strangers, he said:

"Oh, you must not talk or think like that; my father has the odd idea that your niece was once entrusted to his care, and, though he cannot blame himself for having lost the young lady in question, he would feel it his duty to protect her wherever they should meet. I confess I ridiculed the idea until you told us today that she does not really belong to you—that you only adopted her. Now I am beginning to think there may be some foundation for my father's fancies; it will be strange if it is so, won't it?"

"Very."

The young man saw he had made a mistake, but he knew not how to rectify it, and he went away, promising to call and take her to Borrowdale the next morning, and wondering that the lady showed no more sign of pleasure at the prospect of discovering her adopted child's relatives. And Mabel, as though she had been struck a blinding, dizzying blow, staggered up to her room, flung herself upon a couch, and, burying her face in her hands, moaned:

"Only adopted! Does not really belong to me! They are all bent upon robbing me, and I shall be left to live out my solitary life alone! To sink into a loveless old age, without a single creature to care for me. O Fred! had you but lived, had not that wicked mother of yours divided us, I had not been so desolate now."

That "wicked mother" heard the despairing cry, and turned from the door with a white, scared face. She had come to taunt her niece about Loo; but her dead son's name met her at the door, and she felt as though he were there in person to reproach and condemn her. For the rest of that day Lady Travers kept her own room, and when the morning came, had she not felt she had gone too far to retreat, and would expose herself to a charge of conspiracy, she would have drawn back from the wicked and perilous course which she had begun to tread. Already the ground is slimy and slippery beneath her feet; and, if there be truth and justice in the world, surely she will yet find that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

CHAPTER XLVIII—LOO'S ORDEAL.

I tell thee life is but one common care,
And man was born to suffer and to fear.—PRIOR.

The Town Hall of Borrowdale was crowded, for the news had spread far and wide that a young lady had been accused by a relative of theft, while a counter-accusation had been made of conspiracy. Sensations were too rare at this time of the year for anything that could afford amusement to be neglected. Alas! how easily in this world the brightest and purest life may be blighted or saved! Just as the young Earl of Borrowdale was dressing that morning, his valet, who was often permitted to retail to his lordship any amusing anecdote which he could pick up, informed him not only of the fine piece of scandal of which poor Loo was the heroine, but likewise of the supposed social position of some of the actors, adding:

"And they do say she's about the loveliest young woman that has ever been seen in the county, my lord; not as I quite believe it, but I'm going, with your lordship's permission, to see her. None of those yellow-haired things as looks as though they'd just put away the dye-bottle, or black like a nigger, but with the most beautiful brown hair—a regular English girl, and big blue eyes and fine features. The news of her beauty came here three days ago, and I was going down to Little Bampton to see her the first chance I'd got, only I thought she might be coming to look at the Castle—and now to think of her being brought up by the police! I suppose you won't go to the Town Hall yourself, my lord?"

"I don't know. I suppose I ought to go sometimes, but I don't like that man Blunt, the stipendiary. He is a bad-tempered fellow."

"Yes, my lord; and if he didn't like his breakfast he'd send anybody to prison, let their conduct be as white as snow. If all I hears is true, Lady Travers is an old she-devil."

"Burke!"

"I beg your pardon, my lord, but I can't forget how my own sister was once served when in the service of your lordship's aunt, and all through the malice of the housekeeper, who afterwards confessed her guilt. You'll forgive me, my lord, I'm sure, but I always gets hot when I think about it."

The consequence of the Earl's conversation with Burke, however, was that his lordship, to the surprise of no one more than Mr. Blunt himself, took his seat upon the bench, and cordially shook hands with Captain Speke, whom he had previously met on several occasions connected with county matters.

Loo's face, as she was brought up to the table, was very beautiful, it is true, but she was pale as marble; and, though she was wonderfully calm, and not a sob or sigh escaped her, no one looking on her almost childish features could doubt that she suffered terribly. It was well that Mabel had found such a ready friend as Captain Speke, for two of her telegrams, those to her solicitor and Robert Marker, had failed to produce any effect. The lawyer was out of town on business; the surgeon had not returned from the Continent—as, indeed, how should he, when, only the very night that Loo was lying on her hard bed a prisoner, he had rejected Constance Dorset's love, and thereby secured for himself and the poor prisoner her bitter hatred? The captain's solicitor acted for Loo, however, and was evidently equal to his business. After the charge was read, Stubbs gave his evidence, omitting nothing that could tell in the girl's favor; then Lady Travers gave her evidence, and the lawyer began to question her.

"You made a similar charge against this lady several years ago, I believe?" he began.

"No, I did not."

"Indeed? I hold a telegram in my hand from Mrs. Dorset, your own niece, in which she says she is prepared to give evidence to the effect that you once did so."

"It is false."

Lady Travers thought herself safe in making this unblushing denial; she also as positively contradicted Mabel and Grace about the key of the box in which the brooch had been found.

"It is only their word against mine," she thought, "and I am in the best position, for they have to defend her."

When all the witnesses had been examined, the lawyer, in a short, terse speech, pointed out the facts of the case, according to information with which Mabel had supplied him. Here was Lady Travers, who until recently had been dependent upon the bounty of her husband's niece. During those years Miss Travers had adopted a little girl, an act which her ladyship had resented, besides showing, on every possible occasion, her dislike to this child. For one attempt to attribute dishonesty to her she was obliged to leave the house of her niece, who, with the child in question, went to live on the Continent. That was eight or nine years ago, and, though the dastardly action was not forgotten, it was forgiven, and the child had been kept in ignorance of it. He then described Mabel's first visit to Little Bampton, Lady Travers' desire to see Loo, her wish, when both ladies came, that they would make her house their home, their dissatisfaction on the first day, and her consent to accept payment for their board—though they had come to the house as her guest—sooner than part with them. He denounced it as an infamous plot on the part of a malicious old woman—a plot that he had no doubt would be fully exposed—and he asked the magistrate to remand the case, taking bail for the young lady's appearance, and binding Lady Travers over to continue the prosecution.

The magistrates consulted together.

"Remand the case, of course I shall," growled Mr. Blunt, who was not in a particularly good temper to-day; "but as for taking bail, that is another matter; they are only visitors down here; what responsible person would go bail for her?"

"I will," said Captain Speke quietly.

"You? You don't know them."

"Excuse me; there you are mistaken," with dignity; "I suppose I am a responsible person."

"I shall want two sureties," growled the stipendiary.

"Then I will be the second," said the Earl.

Mr. Blunt looked for a moment at the Earl of Borrowdale as though he thought he had suddenly gone mad; but even his bad temper was not equal to saying anything impertinent to the possessor of every acre of land for miles around, and he observed in a surly tone:

"Very well, my lord." Then to the prisoner he said, "I remand the case for a week."

"You take bail?" asked the solicitor.

"Yes. Two sureties in two hundred pounds each."

"That is nothing!" exclaimed Lady Travers impatiently. "She," pointing to her niece, "would pay a thousand pounds to save her base-born darling," with a laugh.

Loo and Mabel both flushed indignantly; most of the men present looked disgusted, the crowd collected to hear the case began to hiss, and Mr. Blunt, roused at last from his ill-temper to a sense of justice and the fitness of things, sternly observed:

"You are forgetting yourself, madam. You will be bound over in an equal sum to continue the prosecution."

Lady Travers' face fell. It, after all, she should not succeed in her diabolical schemes, where would she herself be? The reflection sobered and distressed her. She had consoled herself with the idea that she could draw back when she chose to do so; now she was beginning to find out her mistake.

The strain upon her nerves over, Loo became confused and bewildered; an inclination to cry or laugh, or do something extreme, was all that she was really quite conscious of, and she scarcely knew how, between Captain Speke and Mabel, she was taken to the carriage to be driven back to Little Bampton. Cheers and shouts of congratulation followed her, while Lady Travers was more vigorously hissed; but the battle was not yet over, as Loo and Mabel both felt. They had breathing-time allowed them, that was all. Miss Travers began to chafe impatiently at being thus left to the mercy of strangers to meet the danger that threatened them.

"What can Robert Marker be thinking about?" she muttered to herself impatiently an hour or two after their return from Borrowdale, and while Loo, worn out with excitement and grief, was heavily sleeping. "He has as much right and obligation to protect Loo as I have, and he must come here at once," with which emphatic conclusion she went out to the railway-station, and, utterly forgetful in her excitement of Loo's terror of Herbert Dorset, or the danger of letting him or the Talboys know their whereabouts, dictated and sent the following message, addressed to

MR. MARKER, Hotel de Flanders, Spa.—Come at once; Loo is in great trouble; I have telegraphed to London for you in vain.

Her own address, the farnished house she had taken, accompanied this; and, as ill-luck would have it, Herbert Dorset was in the vestibule of the hotel when the message was delivered. He had been surprised at the surgeon's abrupt departure; here, perhaps, was a clue to it; and, observing to the landlord that he was himself going to England at once, and would hand over the telegram to his friend, he put it in his pocket and sauntered off to his own room. Once secure from observation, he tore open the envelope, and his face became pale with anxiety and jealousy as he read the message written out upon it. Two hours later he also was on his way to England, but Constance did not accompany him.

"I will follow later on," she observed. "I can't pack up in an hour," with both temper and impatience. "What makes you run off in this manner? I think you have all gone mad. First of all, Mabel and Loo disappear as though they had slipped through a trapdoor without a word of adieu; then Mr. Marker vanishes in an equally mysterious manner; now you—who ten minutes ago had no thought of the kind—announce your intention of flying. I think I am entitled to some explanation from you, at any rate. What is the cause of it?"

"That is the cause of it," replied her brother, tossing her the telegram.

"You are not Robert Marker," she said at length, when she had read it.

"No, but I have an equal, nay, greater interest in this matter than he has. I told you my intentions with regard to Loo; nothing shall stand in my way, nothing. Will you go with me or remain behind?"

"I will follow you, but I must take this address."

And she wrote down in pencil "91 South Crescent, Little Bampton, Sussex."

Then she added:

"Don't mention my name at home, or hint at my intention of returning to England. I have a reason for it."

"Very well, but I think it is a pity you don't make it up with them at home," he replied, carelessly.

Then he went his own way, leaving her to go hers.

CHAPTER XLIX—SUMA'S DEMAND.

Of all bad things by which mankind are curst,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.
—RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

It was ten days after Lizzie's disappearance from the Abbey, and Lady Elizabeth set about nursing her grief, refusing the companionship of Mrs. Fish, and wondering how long it would be before some news came of the missing girl, and what was delaying the arrival of her brother-in-law. The wind whistled and howled and tore the leaves from the thinly clad, miserable-looking trees in fury, as though determined to leave them completely exposed to the nipping frosts which the northeast blasts were bringing so early. The sun did not shine, all nature was chill and gloomy, and Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Howard, as she listened to the storm, and, though close to the fire, was chilled by it, shivered as she asked herself whether if the girl whom she had driven away were to die she would not be morally responsible for it. A servant disturbs her unpleasant reveries:

"A man and woman want to see you, my lady."

"Who are they? What name did they give? What is their business?"

"They say their name is Spratt, and they want to see your ladyship."

"Show them in," aloud; "I may as well see them," she added to herself.

THE DARK AND THE LIGHT."—"Enough of this," said Lady Elizabeth to Suma. "Name your price; I am not one to haggle with such as you; what do you demand before restoring the child to her family?"

And Jack Spratt and Suma walked into the room. Jack was by far the more nervous, and he stood, hat in hand, impressed by the wealth and luxury around, and by the handsome, stately lady to whom it all belonged. But Suma's intensity of feeling took from her all consciousness of her surroundings; she had come to see her child, to claim her, to tell the truth as far as she knew about the child she had lost, the child whom she had always known was not her own, and she walked up to Lady Elizabeth with the stately grace which always characterized her movements, and, holding out her hands, for her every action was essentially dramatic, she said:

"Give me my child!"

Lady Elizabeth had risen to her feet; not out of deference to her visitors—their rank would scarcely entitle them to that—but Suma's face, though many shades darker than that of Lizzie, and her eyes, though much larger and more prominent, were such exaggerated counterparts of the girl she had lost, that she instinctively felt the hour for which she had so long looked, and that now she dreaded, had come at last.

"Give me my child!" repeated the woman in a low, intense tone that, with restrained agitation, was little louder than a whisper.

"Who is your child, and who are you?" asked the lady, recovering her self-possession.

"I am Suma," simply. "Your sister, Lady Alice, was my mistress. We were on the ship when she died; it was my child that fell into the sea. Where is she? Give her to me."

"Your child that fell into the sea, was it?" asked Lady Elizabeth slowly; "and why have you waited all these years without saying so?"

"I thought she was dead. I did not know that she lived till a few days ago."

"Ah! well! And where is my sister's child, the one whose place you say your daughter has taken in the world?"

Suma had come prepared for this question, but she turned pale and staggered so that she clutched a piece of furniture to sustain her from falling, and Jack started a step forward to her side. For Lady Elizabeth's face was hard and stern, her very beauty enhancing the cold severity of her features.

"She—she is lost," gasped the colored woman. "Jack, tell her."

"There, sit down, lass, and don't get white about the gills, and gape like a fish," said the sailor, gently leading his wife to a chair, and Lady Elizabeth, slightly relaxing her imperious manner, assented.

"Yes; both of you be seated," as she took a chair herself. "Now," she went on, "what do you mean by saying that my sister's child is lost?"

Suma looked at her husband imploringly, and he, scarcely knowing what to say, thought he would just tell all he knew about the matter; so he began:

"Well, you see, ma'am, I was one of the crew of the Lurline, bound from Bombay to Suez on her last voyage; there was a good many passengers aboard, and I heard something about a lady dying; but we was all like to be dead men, for the weather was bad and dirty, and our ship was so disabled that a few of us thought to try our chance with the boats. One boat had been swamped, and we was just putting off in the second, when I saw a woman standing on deck with a bab in her arms, and she cried out:

"'Take me.'

"So I shouts:

"'Throw the bab and jump.'

"And she did it, and wellnigh capsized all of us with the flop she gave. But we got off from the ship, and we lost sight of her at once, and we thought she had gone down, but then the weather was so thick we couldn't see a dozen yards ahead of us. And the woman—that was Suma—who'd jumped in with us, when she looked about cried out: 'My child! my child! Oh, where's my child?' and I gave it to her and says: 'Here it is;' but she looked at it in a scared way, and felt at her back and moaned, and then took the baby and rocked it in her arms, and seemed a bit beside herself; but that wasn't to be wondered at, seeing the plight we was in, for every minute we thought to be drowned, and we hadn't much food or water, and, as I have found out but lately, 'twould have been better for us if we'd stayed in our ship. But we was afloat days and days, and then we were picked up in a ship bound to China, and from there I worked my way to New York, taking Suma and the child with me."

"What was your motive in doing this?" asked Lady Elizabeth.

"Because I liked 'em, I suppose, ma'am, and 'cause, too, they was so helpless, and Suma, poor lass, was so dazed-like. She wasn't like an Englishwoman, you see, as knows her way about the world; but she was as helpless in knowing what to do as poor little Loo herself, and I couldn't leave them behind, not but what the British Consul would have sent them back to India, I suppose. But Suma was frightened, and didn't seem to know what she wanted, so we went to New York, and there we saw the death of Suma's husband, Wrightson, in the paper; so she and me got spliced, and I took Loo for my own child, and she was fair enough to have had both her parents white, instead of one of 'em."

"But where is she?" demanded Lady Elizabeth.

"I'm coming to that, ma'am," replied Jack. "As I told you, we got spliced, and then"—he cast a glance towards Suma—"shall I tell it all, lass?"

She nodded in the affirmative, and Jack went on:

"Then I found that my wife smoked opium, and I was often afraid to leave Loo with her, for I'd got to love the child as though she'd been my own pretty little dear."

The sailor's voice became thick with emotion, while Suma raised her head as though she would offer some defense for her conduct, then drooped it again hopelessly.

"So we didn't get on quite as well as we might have done," pursued Jack. "Not that we quarreled, you know, ma'am; but Suma wasn't always quite herself, and the child got neglected a good bit when I was away on long voyages, and I engaged to pay a woman who lived in the house a shilling a week to do odd jobs for my wife and child, and look after them."

"But why was not the child brought to me?" demanded her ladyship.

"I didn't know about you, ma'am. I thought she was my wife's child by her first husband, and meant to be a father to it."

"But you," addressing Suma, "why did you not bring her to me? You know you had no right to keep her."

"I had no child," objected Suma, "and she had no mother. You were not her mother, and I didn't know where you were."

"And didn't want to know!" sharply from the lady.

"No, I did not," assented Suma, "until I heard you had my child, my own child. Where is she? Give her to me."

"You are too late. I tell you as you tell me—she is lost."

"Lost!" exclaimed the woman in a tone of despair. "She was not lost when she was a child, like poor Loo?"

"No; she ran away ten days ago, just in time, it seems, to avoid you."

"Why? Did she wish to avoid me?" and the half-caste's face became almost stony in expression.

"No, that was not why she went," was the reply, "and I wish you had come sooner. We quarreled; she would not obey me. I told her I believed she was not my sister's child, but yours; she defied me, and went to her room; the next morning she was gone."

"She was gone to look for me; she will be home; come, Jack, we must go and find her. I saw her once; that is her face. I know it," and she pointed to a but recently executed portrait of the girl who had for so long been the presumed heiress of Drayton Abbey.

"Yes, that is Elizabeth's portrait," said the lady of the mansion sternly; "but you do not leave this house till I know what has become of my sister's child; to tell me simply that she is lost and you know nothing about her is sheer nonsense."

"But the worst part of it is that it's true, ma'am," replied Jack, his equable temper slightly ruffled by Lady Elizabeth's imperiousness; "you didn't let me finish my story, and there aint much more to tell, but you'd better hear it. I'd signed articles and gone to Bermuda, and was away over three months, and when I came back I found Suma like a mad woman, and I learnt from the neighbors that Loo had been playing in the street with some children, dancing to the music of an organ, and that the organman had enticed Loo away; for she was a pretty child, and danced like a fairy, and nobody had been able to find her, and from that day to this we've never heard a word of her—whether she's alive or dead we don't know."

"And how long was this ago?" demanded Lady Elizabeth, starting to her feet.

"Eleven or twelve years ago; Loo was about five at the time, wasn't she, Suma?"

But the woman had fallen into a kind of stupor, and paid no heed to her husband's questions.

"Did you go to the police to find the child?" asked the lady impatiently.

"No; what was the good, ma'am? I didn't come home for a week or two after Loo was lost, and Suma was beside herself with grief. I inquired about the neighborhood and followed every organ-grinder I could see; but children was plentiful enough down at Shadwell, and folks didn't always put much store upon them; but we couldn't find Loo, and as I tell you, ma'am, from that day to this we've heard nothing of her."

Lady Elizabeth was pacing the room excitedly; it would have done her good to jump upon this man and woman, and stamp them until she had wrung her sister's child from their grasp, for, though Jack's statement would have carried conviction to a less prejudiced mind, she did not believe it, but felt sure there was some deep-laid plot or conspiracy behind that had for its object the extortion of money or some still more disagreeable condition. At last she paused in her impatient movements, and said, with intense scorn:

"Enough of this. Name your price; I am not one to haggle with such as you; what do you demand before restoring the child to her family? The law can compel you to do it; but, if it is but a question of money, we will settle it at once."

"Money?" repeated Jack in amazement. "What do you mean, ma'am? You don't think we've come here to tell you fibs and get money out of you, do you?"

"What else should you come for?" passionately.

"For Suma's child. She is a mother; and, though we can't give the girl such a home as this," and he glanced at the costly furniture, which had lost its power to awe him, "it's a honest and respectable one, and she'll find love there, which maybe in this gilded cage she found but little of, poor girl."

The same reproach that Lizzie had flung at her—the lack of love. Yes, it was true, there had been but little love bestowed upon the waif from the sea—little show of affection, at any rate—and, though Lady Elizabeth's conscience smote her, the very fact of it hardened her towards these people, and she said:

"As I told you, the girl is gone. She never ought to have been here; but as for 'Loo,' as you call her, my sister's child, you will restore her before you leave this house. I don't believe your statement about her being lost; so name your price at once."

Jack, not quite comprehending the scene now, looked at the lady in indignant amazement; but Suma, who had sat like one stunned, now rose to her feet, and with dignity no whit less than the mistress of the Abbey, said:

"You can scarcely be my mistress' sister, you are so unlike her in heart and feeling; but here is your portrait, and here is some jewels that belonged to my lady; if we wanted money from you I should not return these," and she laid upon the table the diamond-framed portrait, with a pile of jewelry, which made Jack open his eyes in amazement. "Now," she added, as though paying a price for the information, "where is my child?"

But Lady Elizabeth was dumb, and at that moment a servant threw open the door and announced:

"Major Fitz-Howard Hill."

TO BE CONTINUED.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE FAIR CRITICS.

While you are feasting your eyes upon this pair of beauties we will take you into our confidence and tell you a thing or two concerning their lives. They are both engaged to appear on the stage of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES, and so our knowledge of them may be looked upon as trustworthy. You might suppose that they are the most lovable, as well as the most lovely, creatures in the world; but therein you would be mistaken. These ripe-lipped, bright-eyed beauties have their jealousies and hates and ambitions just as strongly developed as if they were wrinkled, toothless, and sixty. Just now, for example, they are watching the leading lady at rehearsal, and passing acrimonious criticism upon the performance. They are quite sure that they could do better than she is doing, and they look with a certain disdain upon their rival's talents and dresses—especially the latter. But, bless your soul! they will never make known their thoughts to the leading lady herself; on the contrary, they will be sure to congratulate her upon the excellence of her acting, and will go off into ecstacy of superlative adjectives, while they are metaphorically turning up their Grecian noses! But, then, Grecian noses are not so common as to compel their owners to be governed by the laws which govern you and me. If no concession was to be made to beauty, why should these two blooming girls study the lines of their drapery more than the lines of their part? Why should they be negligent about their inflections, but tenacious about their eyebrows? Yes, we must expect this sort of thing from beauty, and must not take offense at its eccentricities.

SONG ABOUT CATS.

TO THOSE WHO LIVE ON HARLEM FLATS, AND OWN THOSE LITTLE PETS CALLED CATS.

THIS SONG IS DEDICATED. AIR—"WHOA, EMMA!"

I don't mind telling that
I had a pussy-cat,
And Maria was the darling creature's name;
While every night at eight
She'd sit upon the gate,
And all the cats around her would exclaim:

Chorus.—"Whoa, Maria! Whoa, Maria!
Maria! come nigher
And join in the choir.
Whoa, Maria! Whoa, Maria!
Maria, how can you refuse!"

They made an awful din,
I swore I'd keep her in—
The noise was such I couldn't sleep at all;
For every night till late
Those cats were at the gate,
And loud'r than the dickens they would squall:

Chorus.—"Whoa, Maria! Whoa, Maria!" etc.

Fifty dollars was the sum
For Bogardus and his gun,
And I stationed him at night behind the well;
Soon the cats began to come,
But they didn't mind the gun:
For louder and still louder they did yell:

Chorus.—"Whoa, Maria! Whoa, Maria!" etc.

Bogardus shot his gun—
I saw him bring down one,
While fifty more soon came to see him die;
And when he had shot four
There were two hundred more,
And louder and still louder they did cry:

Chorus.—"Whoa, Maria! Whoa, Maria!" etc.

With a rope around her neck,
This horrid noise to check,
I hung that little pussy on the wall;
Many nights have passed, and now
I never hear the mew,
Or the sighing of the gentle catawaul:

Chorus.—"Whoa, Maria! Whoa, Maria!" etc.

In this and every age
It has always been the rage
To stuff little pussy-cats and birds;
And now that Maria's dead
I've placed above her head
A little card containing these few words:

Chorus.—"Whoa, Maria! Whoa, Maria!" (with variations.)

A. B. WOOD.

A STARTLING NOVELTY.

After you have studied this scene carefully, we will tell you about it. Years of intense mental application and innumerable scientific experiments have at last enabled us to produce what the playbills call a startling scenic effect. This is nothing more nor less than a real rainbow encircling the rear of the stage. Bows have long held reign in the drama; but a rainbow will, we fondly imagine, produce an unparalleled sensation. If you are of a scientific turn of mind, you know that the rainbow in nature is produced by the sun's rays falling upon the drops of water. In order to produce a stage-rainbow, we have a bubbling fountain and a strong calcium light. The effect is most beautiful. The rainbow can be kept up as long as may be desired—or until the calcium light goes out. The manifold advantages of such an invention will at once make themselves apparent to the theatrical mind. After the lover has sworn eternal fidelity to the maiden of his choice, he can turn, and, pointing to the rainbow, exclaim: "See! The bright bow of promise lights the sky. It is an omen of the happiness which awaits us through life!" Just here the villain steps forth, the property-man turns out the calcium-light, and the rainbow disappears. Then the villain laughs a scornful laugh, and mutters: "Ha-ha-a-a! The omen is gone!" Climax. Managers wishing to introduce this novelty of the age are requested to construct it for themselves.

A PARISIAN SHOWBILL.

A Paris showbill thus advertises a giantess who is on exhibition:

HER!!! HER!!! HER!!!
HER NAME!!!
The Most Beautiful and the Largest
VENUS THE GIANTESS!!!

All the seductions of carnal form are in her united to charms distilled from her lovely eyes; her smile is a dream of celestial caresses. The Intoxication which maddens—the Hope which consoles—pass by turns across this human mirror, emblem of the beauty ascribed to Venus, the mother of Love!

COME ONE, COME ALL!

and in this golden city, everywhere, in the darkness of night, and under the splendors of the noonday sun, in our hearts, as in the streets, let this cry deafen the clang of the burning furnace and of the Titanic hammers!

SHE!!! SHE!!! SHE!!!

She is at the Champs de Foire! There is to be seen VENUS THE GIANTESS!!!! LET US GO THERE!

HUSSEY, SWENY & FELTON'S AMERICAN MINSTRELS IN DUBLIN, IRELAND.

As Frank Hussey is about organizing a troupe for a tour around the world, it may prove interesting to our readers to know something about a company of which he was comanager, which made long journeys to foreign climes. Frank Hussey is in Nova Scotia at present; J. H. Surridge is performing with Kelly & Leon's Minstrels in Australia; F. Meyering is in this city; P. Sterling is in London, Eng.; H. J. Sweny has retired from the profession, and is engaged in the drygoods business in this city; L. Meyers died in Pottsville, Pa., July 11, 1875; H. T. Mudge is living in Brooklyn, L. I., and still in the profession; Thomas McNally died in that city May 25, 1872; and Hank Mudge, who contributes the bill, thinks that J. Felton died in Boston, Mass., about two years ago.

ROUND ROOM, ROTUNDA.

First appearance in Dublin of
HUSSEY, SWENY & FELTON'S AMERICAN MINSTRELS,
from the Academy of Minstrels, New York.
ON MONDAY, 19TH NOVEMBER, 1866,
for six nights only.
The only legitimate band traveling out of the United States, consisting of
PART I.
VOCALISTS, COMEDIANS AND MUSICIANS.
Every performer a star in his line.
MR. FRANK HUSSEY, the Celebrated Ethiopian Comedian.
MR. J. H. SURRIDGE, the Popular Vocalist and Interlocutor.
MR. P. MEYERING, the Well-known Violinist.
MR. P. STERLING, Burlesque Female Dancer.
MR. H. J. SWENY, the Favorite Vocalist.
MR. L. MEYERS, the Basso-profundo and General Performer.
MR. H. T. MUDGE, the American Clog and Jig Dancer.
MR. THOS. MCNALLY, the Great Minstrel Violinist.
MR. J. FELTON, Secretary.

GRAND MID-DAY PERFORMANCE
ON SATURDAY, 24TH,
at 3 o'clock. Doors open at 2½.
Reserved seats, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Promenade, 1s.
Doors open at half-past 7; performance to commence at 8.

PROGRAMME—PART I.

Introductory Overture.....American Minstrels
Opening Chorus (from the opera "Enchantress").....Full Band
"Meet Me in the Lane".....Mr. J. H. Surridge
Comic Song.....Mr. H. T. Mudge
"Evangeline".....Mr. J. Sweny
"Perambulator".....Mr. Frank Hussey
"Good Old Friends".....Mr. L. Meyers
Finale—"The City Auctioneer".....Surridge and Company

PART II.

GRAND INTERLUDE OF DANCING, SINGING AND BURLESQUE.

Harmonicon Solo, introducing popular airs and variations.....Mr. L. Meyers
AMERICAN CLOG MEDLEY.
No. 1, American Clog. No. 2, Irish

AFTER MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THREE DAYS AFTER.

"My precious popsy-wopsy, love,
I'm going out," he softly said,
And she upon his manly breast
All lovingly reclined her head.
"You will not leave your birdie long?"
"I will not, darling, rest content!"—
And then they kissed a dozen times:
"By-bye!" "Ta-ta!" And so he went.

THREE WEEKS AFTER.

"My dear, I'm going out to-night;
Pray, don't sit up—I may be late!"
She laughed a pretty little laugh:
"Oh, never fear, I shall not wait!"
Then, having lighted his cigar,
Above her in the chair he bent,
And kissed her somewhat languidly
A single kiss—and so he went.

THREE MONTHS AFTER.

"Irene, I'm going out to-night!"—
She does not even raise her eyes
From Mrs. Southworth's latest tale,
Nor does it cause him much surprise;
He hums an Offenbachish air,
And puns upon his coat a rose—
"I'm going out!" She coolly says:
"Why don't you go?" And so he goes.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

"Yes, Mrs. C., I'm going out!"
"Twould be a blessing if you'd stay!"
"I wish upon my soul I might!"
"You horrid wretch!" "What's that you say!"
"I only wish I was a man,
Your insults then I'd soon resent!"
"I wish you were, and not my wife!"
And, followed by the broom, he went!

N. N.

IVY.

CHAPTER I.

A castle, and an ogre, and a princess—beautiful, of course—and a prince who loved her and wanted her to be his wife; and a good fairy who helped them, always taking their part against the ogre. Just like a fairy tale, but it is all true. Sometimes Ivy, as she paced the terrace alone, and thought of Chris, felt as if she had really got into a fairy tale. "For I am imprisoned by my unkind grandfather, and I am sure Chris loves me as the princes always loved; only, where is the good fairy who, with a wave of her wand, will liberate me, and unite us, to live happy ever after?"

The next moment a little light shawl was flung out from the window, with a "Naughty child!" and then she put it on carefully and resumed her walk up and down. Presently a low whistle reached her listening ears. She called softly in answer, and then in a moment the prince was beside her, his arm round her, his lips on her cheek, his voice sounding, oh, how sweetly in her ear! And she was happy. Stolen waters are sweet. The fairy was keeping watch, and the ogre safely out of the way, so there was no danger. And the moon shone down lovingly upon two of the happiest of mortals, smiling, perhaps, because the sight is not unusual to her. But all things have an end, and ere long the castle clock told ten, and, like Cinderella, Ivy was flying away, her shawl falling from her shoulders. The prince caught her again to put it on, begged for one more kiss, and a promise to meet him again on the next night, then sprang over the balustrade of the terrace, which she could not resist. It was an unfortunate delay; as she ran in at the castle door she met the irascible ogre, who in a fury demanded where she had been, and why she was so rosy and trembling. She clasped her hands and implored forgiveness, till the fairy, hearing the angry words, came out to shield her poor pet, and joined her in begging the ogre's forgiveness.

"And you connived at it," said he furiously—"you, who ought to know better. I am ashamed of you."

So the fairy was in high disgrace, too; the princess was sent sobbing to bed, and her aunt's eyes were so driven than hers. But they comforted each other upstairs.

"If I could only get away from this dreadful place!" sobbed Ivy. "It is just like a prison."

"You shall, my pet," said Aunt Mary.

"*How*, dear, good auntie—tell me how?"

But the fairy only nodded her head, and bade her sleep sweetly and dream of Chris, which she did. For Ivy was, after all, only like other young ladies of seventeen; and, though it might have been very romantic to sit at her window and gaze with tear-filled eyes at the moon, and sigh over her fate, it was more sensible to lie in her soft, white bed, and shut her eyes and forget all her woes in a sound, healthy slumber, only waking when a housemaid bade her "Get up, Miss Ivy; it's half-past seven."

CHAPTER II.—"TOO YOUNG."

"You have come to meet my granddaughter, sir, and you will do nothing of the sort."

Cupid had (very mischievously) enticed the prince to the terrace against his better judgment, in the hope of meeting his fair lady-love, and it was rather unpleasant to be greeted thus by her infuriated grandfather instead. And poor little Ivy, from her window, distractedly waved a pocket-handkerchief to her banished and retreating lover as he passed beneath it, but in vain. The ogre's eye was upon him, and he dared not look up. Ivy consoled herself by writing a broken-hearted little note, which, however, being intercepted by her grandfather, never reached him. In vain the moonbeams streamed upon the terrace night after night; the prince came no more, and the little maiden was condemned to her prison. In a strange and mysterious way (I fancy the fairy knew how) sundry little notes got from one to the other, containing things almost as sweet as moonlight whisperings, and Ivy adopted a consolatory habit of sleeping with one under her pillow, which generally had the effect attributed to a piece of bride-cake in such a place. Now, it fell on a day that grandpapa went on a journey, and left Aunt May and Ivy to amuse themselves as best they could without him; and the way they amused themselves was this: Aunt May's fingers and Ivy's became wonderfully busy over a dress of white and shiny appearance, and certain white flowers and a white veil; and there were many meetings with the prince, and thus passed some happy days—the happiest Ivy ever spent, I think. And one bright morning she and Aunt May got up early and went by train (taking with them a large box) to a small and rather out-of-the-way place, which you would not find on the map, where the prince met them, and brought them to be quick, as it was nearly eleven. They hurried to an inn, and in a small parlor, or sitting room, without any mirror (alas! for her vanity!) Ivy rapidly attired herself in the white dress, and Aunt May threw over her the white veil, and then lifted it to kiss her and call her a beautiful darling. And Ivy cried a little, and laughed a little, and said: "Could it be true?" and then dried her eyes and said she was so happy; and then Aunt May cried a little and said it was true. And then they drove to a small church, not far off. At the door stood Chris, but with a countenance so dejected that Ivy's fell from sympathy. Beside him stood a tall, smiling man, in a white tie, and they both advanced and began speaking at once, so that it was difficult to hear what either said. But what Chris said was that he had been a fool (which was perhaps true), and what the clergyman said was that he was very sorry, but such a very young couple had plenty of time before them.

"But what is the matter?" asked Aunt May, very much puzzled. Now, the truth was that such things as licences being necessary had never entered the heads of any of these young people (Aunt May, being very little older than either of them, was not much wiser), and the clergyman, although professing himself very willing, declared himself obliged to decline to perform the ceremony that day, adding, however, that at "some future time," etc., etc.

Then, feeling very sad and very much disappointed, and Ivy in tears, they went back to the inn, where the unhappy little bride divested herself of her bridal garments, and then as fast as they could they went home—Ivy and Aunt May to the castle, and Chris to his own home. For a whole week after that Ivy saw and heard nothing of him, and then she—but I will tell you what she heard in another chapter.

CHAPTER III.—"GOOD-BYE."

The following are two little notes she received successively:

DARLING IVY.—I am distracted; my father is a tyrant; he says I have had a long bread of idleness long enough under his roof, and he has decided to turn me out. (never mind what he signed himself). CHRIS.

Note number two:

DARLING IVY—I am nearly *mad*. I shall *never* see you again. But I shall. I will. My father has taken a berth for me in the Medea, and I sail on Tuesday week for America.

Ivy got no farther; her eyes swam with hot tears, and they were running down her cheeks when Aunt May took the letter from her.

"Tuesday week!" said Ivy wildly. "Auntie, I *must* see him! Oh, he cannot go; how cruel! Oh, if we had only been married I could go with him. 'The governor,'" she read on—"he means his father—has found out about you, and says he shall put a stop to it." "How cruel! oh, how unkind!" wept Ivy. "Aunt May, I *cannot* bear it. I *must* say good-bye."

"You shall, my pet," said Aunt May.

* * * * *

A small room in the castle, the hour nine in the evening, a stolen meeting between the poor, broken-hearted children (for they were children then), the fairy keeping guard, and the ogre for once, for the last time, eluded.

"Oh, I cannot let you go, Chris; it will break my heart!"

"Oh, don't say that, Ivy; you will break mine!"

"I know you will marry someone else."

"*Never!*"

"But you will love someone else?"

"NEVER!" (still more emphatically.)

"But always be true to your little Ivy, and come back to her?"

"I swear it! And you—you will never marry anyone but me, Ivy!" (rather imperatively.)

"*Chris!*" (in a tone of pain).

"And love no one else?"

"O Chris! how can you?"

"But promise me! Promise!"

"I promise: I — Chris, let me whisper it, it's such a naughty word—I SWEAR!" (this in a solemn whisper.)

"Ah, my own darling, good little Ivy!"

So they parted, and away sailed the prince over the sea, leaving the princess weeping in the castle tower; away glided the ship that bore him into the distance, to the other shore, and there we must leave him, for we must return to Ivy—Ivy very dejected and melancholy, very sad, poor little thing, and yet very full of hope and trust and love. Many were the tears she wept and the sighs she sighed for her beloved Chris, so far away, yet there was the time to look forward to when he would sail back to her; and when she thought of that she felt brave and strong, and her heart beat high with happiness. And Aunt May, and even her grandfather (who really loved her), were always very kind and tender to their darling; and though "grandpapa" bade her "forget Chris," Aunt May did not, for she knew it was impossible.

And thus the days went by, and the weeks and the months, and at last the years. And Ivy grew older, and I suppose wiser, and I am sure prettier; and she had many people to admire her; and sometimes there were moonlight walks upon the terrace, and sometimes sentimental passages; but never any sentiment on Ivy's part, for she kept her promise to Chris, and never loved anyone else, and her heart was true to him from top to bottom. Aunt May had given her heart away, too, in those years, and her hand, and she had some dear children of whom Ivy was very fond. And the ogre? He had gone to his long home, and lay sleeping in the churchyard; and so the years went on.

And when the seven years had come and gone, the good news reached Ivy that Chris was coming home, and her heart bounded as she thought of the old promises they had made to each other, that now would be fulfilled; and she read over all his old loving letters, that were so like his own loving self—the letters she had received from him in the old, happy days. They were all she had to live on for seven years; and she kissed a thousand times over the old faded photograph of his dear face. And in all the world no maiden's heart was fuller than Ivy's of bright, sweet happiness and joyous hope. Then she heard that he was on England's shores once more, and from that moment she watched hourly from her window, as of old, her heart beating high, her cheek flushed with eagerness and joy—and at last he came.

CHAPTER IV.—"SOMEBODY ELSE."

You know this is not a fairy tale; if it were, there would be nothing said in it, for fairy tales are always happy. Did you ever know one that did not end happily? The right people always marry each other, the good are rewarded, the wicked punished, the princesses disenchanted, the monsters turned into princes. But my story is of real life, and it is sad; and if you do not care to hear a sad story do not read on, but stop here and imagine a happy ending for yourself. No story of real life can be without some sadness, and if you expected this to be a fairy tale, and therefore to end happily, I am afraid you will be disappointed.

I told you that Ivy had outgrown the fairy days, and that she had become an ordinary mortal in everyday life. (Do you remember no days in your life that now seem to you your brightest and happiest? And were not those when you were an innocent and joyful child, living from moment to moment, with no sighs for the past, no longings for the future? Ah! you were happy then, as you never will be again.) Ivy's was a very ordinary, everyday life, too, with the usual round of breakfast, luncheon, five-o'clock tea and dinner; letters and visits to exchange, and drives and walks and parties. And Christopher's coming home was just a little event in Ivy's world, that made a stir for the moment and then faded into the past. It was not the Chris she had parted from seven years ago; not the Chris whose photographs and letters she had kept for seven years; not the Chris who had sworn never to love anyone else, but to be faithful to her all his life. No: it was another Chris, who somehow impersonated him, who had his blue eyes and his hair, his smile and his voice—in fact, all but his heart—and had come back to claim a bride in Ivy. Ivy's was Ivy's *own* Chris, was a Chris of the past, whom she kept locked up in her heart, never to change.

"My *poor* little darling!" said Aunt May, who somehow understood it all.

O Chris! Chris! why did you ever come back? Better that you had stayed on the other side of the sea, and let Ivy suppose you faithful to her, than that you should return so!

* * * * *

Before another year had gone, Chris was again on his way to America, but not alone this time. Someone went with him, to whom he had bound himself by promises (such as he had once made to Ivy, and broken) and a golden ring. And he left behind him, instead of a bright little maiden, full of joyous hope, smiling through her tears at his departure, a quiet, pale woman, with a pain at her heart, so deep down that few knew of it; a gentle, loving little woman, on whose life he had (let us say unwillingly) cast a shadow that darkened it. I do not say that all the brightness was gone from it; she was too brave and unselfish for that; but she never found anyone to take the place of Chris in her true heart. And thus the years went on.

CHAPTER V.—"NOT SO VERY LONG AGO."

More years have passed, even ten, since we last saw Ivy—years that she has lived quietly and uneventfully, with no great change in her life, as ought not to say uneventfully. What life is uneventful? for the smallest events sometimes influence our whole life, turning the whole course of the stream. But Ivy is still the same; she has not changed; fair and sweet as ever, her name, nature and circumstances are still the same. Aunt May's children grow up around her, and there is one almost as fair and sweet and gentle as Ivy at her age, and she's Ivy's pet. We do not find them at the castle again, though it is still their home, but away in the sunny South—just those two, Ivy and Lily; because Lily, like the flower whose name she bears, is fragile and delicate, and must go where England's wintry fogs and damp cannot harm her; and Ivy—who better than Ivy can care for her in the strange land where her mother cannot come? A fair Italian city, and a blue Italian lake; a soft, sweet evening, and they are sitting together in the moonlight.

"What are you thinking of, Cousin Ivy?" asked Lily, looking into a pair of eyes like her own.

Lily smiled.

"I am thinking," said she, "of long ago, Lily—long, long ago."

And in truth a memory of long ago had risen to her mind—a memory of the dead past that had lain sleeping. Only a name she had heard had roused it—a name that long ago she had known and loved. She had heard it that day from the lips of a little child, a little, fair-haired boy (in deep mourning, who had met friends with her; and, when she asked him his name, he said "Chris," and then ran away, leaving her thinking, recalling, dreaming. And thus her little cousin found her.

"You are always thinking of 'long ago,'" said Lily, "yes: it cannot be so long ago, for you are not so very old."

Not so very old, perhaps, in years, but old in experience of pain, of disappointment, of suffering. How the sound of that name had brought it all back! Instinctively she felt there was some connection between the little child with *that* name and him she had once known and loved—and parted from ten years ago. And then she thought of the child's black clothes. Could it be —? Her heart beat fast; but *his* death should be nothing to her. What right had *she* to dread to hear of it? It was another woman whose heart must ache, whose eyes must weep, not hers. She need not dread it; what difference could it make to her? Her life would not be changed by it. But she must know, she must hear it, she *would* hear it.

"Now, don't look so grave and sad, dear Cousin Ivy," said Lily's voice again. "Talk to me. Don't sit thinking of long ago; think of *now*."

"I *am* thinking of now," said Ivy. "I am thinking of that poor little boy, Lily, in such deep black; it must be for his father. He is a dear little fellow. Come, I think it is time to go in."

She prepared herself to hear it, but she learnt that it was not Chris who had died, but his wife; and Chris himself was in the hotel with his little son.

"*It cannot be so long ago, for you are not so very old.*"

Her cousin's words rang in her ears. No, after all it was not so very long ago, and at thirty-four one need not consider oneself so very old. Ivy would have been no woman if the fact of Chris being free again, and under the same roof with her, and every chance existing of their meeting, had not raised up old feelings and revived old hopes. But they did not meet for several days. At last, one afternoon, just as she and Lily were returning from a walk, they saw a horse at the hotel door, and beside it a gentleman preparing to mount. Ivy saw that it was Chris. His little son was near him, and he was made some remark to him, which Ivy overheard, in the old familiar and loved tone, and then he sprang on his horse. He looked back and nodded to the child, and then rode slowly off. As he passed Ivy his eyes rested for a moment on her face. Slowly a look of recognition came; he lifted his hat to her, and smiled his old, sweet smile, and then he rode on.

"Do you know him?" said Lily, "that handsome man? How funny!"

"Yes, I know him," said Ivy quietly. "And he is the father of the little boy."

Of course they met after that; not only once or twice, but often, again and again. He sought her out; he made friends with Lily; they all three were great friends; they walked together, drove together, spent many happy hours together. Whether it was that time and trouble had softened him, Ivy knew not, but he seemed now more like the Chris of old than he had seemed when he had come home ten years ago. It was like the old time come back again, and Ivy was almost as happy as she had been then. Her old feelings for him were rekindled; she felt young and light-hearted again. And, almost unawares, there crept back into her heart the sunshine of a bright, beautiful hope that "long ago" had dwelt there; and she knew that now, as then, she loved him, and with the same deep, true love—perhaps stronger—that had lived all these years, and now need never change or die.

* * * * *

Home again! When Summer began in England they were back again at the castle, and again Ivy sat at the window and watched, for *he* had said he would come, and she fancied herself back again in her days of hope and youth and happiness, which Lily had said could not be so long ago. And when the days were warm and bright, and the evenings sweet and moonlit, Chris came.

I told you my story was a sad one, but perhaps you have thought that I was mistaken, and that you would find it end happily after all. Well, it is not too late now to turn back, if you would rather imagine Ivy happy at last. Do not even peep on any farther. At least, do not say I have not warned you.

Chris is walking in the moonlight now, but it is not by Ivy's side, it is not round Ivy he winds his arm, it is not in Ivy's ear he whispers lovingly, it is not Ivy's cheek he kisses tenderly. Yet the moonbeams fall as brightly on *that* pair. Ah, Chris! what are you doing?

"I am so happy!" Lily says, throwing herself into her cousin's arms—her poor, loving, faithful cousin—little knowing how exquisite the pain she causes, whispering of her own new joy: "I am so happy! he says he loves me."

HOW TO TAME A WOMAN.

Yesterday morning a man whose every look proved how hungry and penniless he was halted before an eating-stand at the Central Market to let his mouth water for a while. The woman knew his worth, and called out:

"Come, be jogging along. You won't get any food here unless you have the cash."

"My dear woman," he confidently began, as he drew nearer, "I am not hungry; I just left the breakfast-table, after the heartiest meal I ever ate. I was not looking at your beautiful meats, your lovely cakes, or your rich and juicy pies, but at yourself."

"What are you looking at me for?"

"I was wondering," he said, "if you were any relation to Lady Clare of England. You have the same brown eyes, same beautiful hair, same sweet accent."

"I never knew her," replied the woman, as her face began to clear up.

"Didn't, eh? Well, I never saw two faces nearer alike in their sweet expression. I wish I had your portrait painted on ivory—I really wish I had."

She handed him half a pie and a piece of meat, and as he sauntered off she began hunting around for a piece of broken mirror.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A STRONG PLAY.—A gentleman in South Memphis was sitting with his guest the other night. Guest: "Anything at the theatre to-night?" Host: "Yes; 'Den Nidts in a Par-rooms.'" Guest: "Oh, no, that was last night." Host: "Put it haf nine more nidts ter run."

AQUATIC.

WALLACE ROSS,

Matched to Row Hanlan for $1,000 a Side.

The noted young Canadian sculler whose portrait appears above was born in Dorchester, Westmoreland County, N. B., Feb. 20, 1857, stands 6ft. 1¼in. in height, and in condition weighs about 170lb. His first appearance in public as an oarsman was, we believe, when he rowed a match against John Harding in Portland Harbor, from Long Wharf around the Beacon and back, for $50, July 10, 1873, the race resulting in Ross' maiden victory by a length. Not long afterwards he rowed Nicholson on the same course, and had a walk-over. He next took part in a regatta on the Kennebeccasis Sept. 18, 1873, being beaten by Alexander Brayley in a race for the championship of the province, a silver medal and £5, given by the Governor-general. On Aug. 21, 1874, he pulled stroke of a crew composed, besides himself, of H. Prince (bow), Edward Ross and W. Paul, in a match against George Killoren (bow), J. Brittney, W. Campbell and J. Daly (stroke), Ross' four winning quite handily. On Oct. 23 of the same year, rowing stroke in a four-oared race on Courtney Bay, rowing bow in the Unknown, which defeated the Abyssinia and Crown Prince. Later in that year he was stroke of a crew which was defeated in a race forming one of the attractions of a picnic at Oak Point. The following year he vanquished John McLeod in a race for a sealskoll, and, a month subsequently, a regatta held in honor of the gunboat Araus, he disposed of Charles Young and Patrick McGuiggan very easily. In the Fall of that year he again met Alex. Brayley at a regatta held at Westfield, three miles, one turn, and was beaten, though by only a length and a half. On May 24, 1876, he was competitor in a single-scull race at a regatta in the harbor, and carried off first money, beating Brayley and Patrick McAnulty. The fact that he had trained but a few days for this event, and the improved form he exhibited, led his friends to believe that there was more in Ross than had been supposed, and they concluded to put the matter to test, by matching him against Brayley, an agreement was entered into to row for $400, five miles' turn, and they measured oars June 15, 1876, Ross winning by a length and a half in 41:03½. Ross did not again row in public until Oct. 19 following, when he once more met Brayley, who in the interim had won second honors in the professional match on the Tyne England on Regatta Day, and sought another encounter with his former conqueror. The distance rowed was four miles, with a turn, on the Kennebeccasis, the stakes $200 a side, and the result another easy conquest for Ross, who accomplished the fastest time on record—28m. 30s. In the Winter of '76-'77 Ross took a trip to England, where, with Laurie, Smith pleasure, and not long after his return he made a match with Fred Plaisted, who challenged any man in New England on April 21, and afterwards extended the defi to New Brunswick. They rowed four miles June 6, 1877, over a straightaway course on the Kennebeccasis River, and Ross won handsomely. While he was training for this race the New Brunswicker made another match, his opponent being Warren Smith of Halifax, N. S. They rowed three miles, with a turn, for $1,000, on the Kennebeccasis, July 25. Ross won, Smith upsetting after rowing about two miles and a quarter. The St. John sculler was in the lead at the time, and would probably have won had there been no accident. In the middle of August Ross issued a challenge to row any man in the Dominion of Canada, Ed. Hanlan preferred, a five-mile race, for $1,000 a side. This was promptly accepted by Hanlan, and they rowed five miles, turn, for the above amount and the championship of Canada, at Toronto, Oct. 15 last, the result being the hollow defeat of Ross, who was the sport. This was not the first appearance of the St. John oarsman in public; but his backers did not lose confidence in him, attributing his defeat largely to the fact of his being badly rigged, and they asserted their intention of giving him another chance at Hanlan, which determination resulted in the making of the match which is fixed for decision on the Kennebeccasis River on Thursday of the present week.

CORNELL vs. HARVARD.

The five or six thousand persons who went to Owasco Lake on Wednesday afternoon, July 17, to witness the Freshmen eight-oared crews of Cornell and Harvard contend for supremacy in a three-mile straightaway race, had the satisfaction of looking at a far more interesting race than was afforded by the recent meeting of Harvard and Yale at New London; for, though Cornell led always, the crimson-kerchiefed oarsmen were sufficiently near to prevent hope dying out in the breasts of their friends until the last half mile had been entered upon. As might be supposed, from the proximity of the college to the lake upon which the contest took place, the far greater proportion of those present were in sympathy with Cornell, as was evinced by the ribbons and rosettes of carnelian and white which were profusely displayed on all sides. As was the case at New London, Ct., the majority of the spectators were enabled to obtain an excellent view of the entire race from a moving grand stand, composed of a number of platform cars, which ran along the track of the Southern Central Railroad, skirting the lake. In the middle of this train a box-car, upon top of which were perched the referee, judges and press representatives, who were thus afforded a better view of the race than they usually obtain, even from the bow of a fast-sailing steamer, though the latter is something which is often provided for their accommodation. The weather was intensely hot, the thermometer standing ninety-six degrees in the shade; but the interest felt in the contest was such that, during the time the crowd awaited the appearance of the crews, they bore the infliction unmurmuringly. Cornell was first to pull to her station, at four o'clock, Harvard being tardy, and keeping her opponents exposed to the scorching rays of the sun full ten minutes before she appeared. The names of the oarsmen were:

Cornell—F. C. Curtis (bow), C. E. Foster, A. T. Waterbury, A. H. Cowles, J. D. Allen, D. D. Jaynes, E. H. Cole, J. N. D. Shinkle (stroke), V. Elstna (cox.)

Harvard—E. A. Atkinson (bow), W. O. Freeland, S. Hammond, E. D. Hawkins, C. H. W. Foster, A. W. Hooper, W. B. Howard, E. D. Brandigee (stroke), H. R. W. Brown (cox.)

No. 2 in the former and No. 5 in the latter crew were new men, having taken the places of B. Arnold, who was disabled by a carbuncle on the neck, and Captain North, who was suffering from a bone knee. Both would be out of the race for only a few days before the race, and were not in as good condition as their fellows, but were yet well able to stay the distance. Each crew rowed one of Waters' paper shells, 56ft. long and weighing 226lb. It was fifteen minutes past four o'clock when the referee signaled the men away, Cornell being first to catch the water, and she showing the Westboros have now won two from New Bedfords and lost three.

NEW BEDF'D.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	WESTBORO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Gore, c. f.	5	0	1	0	1	0	Culligan, c.	4	2	2	8	1	0
Evans, r. f.	5	0	0	3	0	0	Cronan, 2d b.	4	0	0	2	2	0
Piggott, 3d b.	5	0	1	2	2	0	Sweeney, 1b.	4	0	0	11	0	1
Bradley, p.	4	0	2	0	9	2	Quinn, r. f.	4	0	2	1	0	0
Rielly, c.	4	0	1	10	1	0	Gard'r, p.c.	4	0	1	2	9	0
Stovey, 1st b.	4	0	1	7	0	0	Muldoon, s.s.	4	0	1	2	3	2
Davis, 2d b.	4	0	1	1	1	0	Keefe, c.f., p.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Mutrie, s. s.	4	1	0	2	0	0	Crook, 3d b.	3	0	0	1	4	2
Dolan, c., l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	Gaffney, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	1
Totals	39	1	8	27	13	2	Totals	34	2	6	27	16	4

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Westboro	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
New Bedford	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—1

First base by errors—New Bedford, 4. Umpire, Henry Murphy, Lynn Club. Time, 1h. 40m.

LOWELL vs. OSWEGO.

A game was played at Oswego, N. Y., July 12, with result as below. A heavy rain fell within an hour of the time of calling the game, rendering the grounds unfit for play, and through a misunderstanding only six of the regular Oswego nine appeared on the ground. Three amateurs were taken from the audience to fill out the nine, and the game went on under these circumstances.

OSWEGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	LOWELL.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Kessler, 3d b.	4	1	1	2	3	0	Hawes, c. f., 5	2	1	1	0	0	
Cun'ham, r. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	F. Whitney, l. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Phelan, 1st b.	4	0	2	12	1	1	Foley, p., 5	3	2	2	0	8	1
Smith, p.	4	0	0	0	3	1	A. White'y, 3b.	5	1	0	2	1	
Rousseau, s.s.	3	0	1	0	6	3	Plumpton, ib.	5	1	0	10	0	0
Cooper, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0	Stoughton, c.	4	1	0	10	5	1
Cooper, c.	4	0	1	1	0	0	Wright, s. s.	4	1	2	1	2	
Heming'y, 2b.	3	1	1	2	2	1	Knight, r. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Didier, l. f.	3	0	1	4	0	1	Booth, 2d b.	4	0	1	4	2	0
Totals	35	3	8	27	17	9	Totals	41	10	9	27	18	5

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Oswego	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0—3
Lowell	1	0	1	0	0	2	2	4	0—10

Umpire, Lawrence Sutton. Time, 2h. 15m.

BUFFALO vs. MANCHESTER.

Over three thousand persons welcomed the Manchester (N. H.) C ub to Buffalo, N. Y., July 15, when a splendidly-played game ended in their defeat by the home team.

BUFFALO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	MANCHES'R.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Crowley, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Leary, p.	4	0	0	0	4	1
Allen, 3d b.	4	1	1	0	2	0	O'Rourke, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
McGeachy, ss.	4	0	1	0	2	0	O'Leary, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Eggler, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Kelly, c.	4	0	1	7	2	2
Libby, 1st b.	4	0	1	12	0	1	Cogswell, 1b.	3	0	1	12	0	0
Galvin, p.	3	0	0	1	7	0	Daily, s. s.	4	0	0	0	4	1
Fulmer, 2b.	3	0	1	3	2	1	Hawkes, 2b.	3	0	0	3	3	1
Dolan, c.	3	0	1	9	1	0	Woodhe'd, 3b.	3	0	0	2	4	0
McGeoh'le, rf.	3	0	0	0	2	0	Bowen, r. f.	3	0	0	2	0	1
Totals	34	1	5	27	16	3	Totals	30	0	2	27	18	9

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Buffalo	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
Manchester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

First base on errors—Buffalo, 7; Manchester, 2. Double-plays—Galvin, Dolan and Fulmer. Umpire, J. W. McKay. Time, 2h.

BUFFALO vs. LOWELL.

The list of defeats sustained by the Lowell Club on their tour has increased by the result of a game with the Buffalos, on the latter's grounds, July 18. Sullivan had his thumb put out of joint in the second inning, and gave place to stoughton, whose only error was a wild throw to second. Ham fell after the Buffalos had been blanked in their half of the ninth inning, and the game was called.

BUFFALO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	LOWELL.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Crowley, lf. c.	5	1	2	2	0	0	Hawes, c. l.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Allen, 3d b.	5	1	1	3	1	1	F. Whit'y, l.f.	4	0	1	2	0	1
Eggler, c. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0	Foley, p.	4	1	3	0	5	0
Libby, 1st b.	5	1	2	9	0	1	A. Whit'y, 3b.	4	1	0	1	2	1
Galvin, p.	5	1	1	0	4	0	Stoughton, c.	3	0	0	2	1	1
Fulmer, 2b.	4	0	0	4	2	1	Plumpton, ib.	3	0	1	13	0	0
Dolan, c., l. f.	4	0	1	4	2	1	Wright, s. s.	3	0	2	1	1	0
Mack, r. f.	4	2	1	2	0	1	Knight, r. f.	3	1	0	2	2	0
Force, s. s.	4	1	1	0	2	0	Booth, 2d b.	3	0	1	2	3	4
Totals	41	7	10	26	10	5	Totals	31	3	8	24	17	7

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Buffalo	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	3	—7
Lowell	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	—3

Runs earned—Buffalo, 2. Two-base hits—Allen, Mack and Foley. First base on errors—Buffalo, 3; Lowell, 2. Umpire, C. W. Nichols. Time, 2h.

BASEBALL.

THE CHAMPION HARVARDS.

The Harvard University Club have closed play for the College season—which extends from April to July—and appended is the record, which surpasses that of any other season of the club's history, in the character of the play and the important victories won over strong professional nines:

VICTORIES.

Harvard vs. Beacon	7 to 5
Harvard vs. Live Oak	15 1
Harvard vs. New Bedford	14 1
Harvard vs. Live Oak	3 1
Harvard vs. New Bedford	22 1
Harvard vs. Trinity	9 1
Harvard vs. Beacon	17 5
Harvard vs. Wesleyan	8 1
Harvard vs. Princeton	5 1
Harvard vs. Princeton	3 1
Harvard vs. Brown	7 1
Harvard vs. Pittsfield	8 1
Harvard vs. Manchester	2 1
Harvard vs. Princeton	10 1
Harvard vs. Princeton	8 0
Harvard vs. Brown	4 0
Harvard vs. Princeton	5 0
Harvard vs. Beacon	19 3
Harvard vs. Yale	11 3
Harvard vs. Yale	9 2
Harvard vs. Amherst	5 3
Harvard vs. Yale	16 3

DEFEATS.

New Bedford vs. Harvard	4 1
Manchester vs. Harvard	4 1
Lowell vs. Harvard	6 0
Yale vs. Harvard	4 3
Yale vs. Harvard	5 1
Worcester vs. Harvard	4 2

DRAWN GAMES.

Harvard vs. Manchester	3 3

BATTING RECORD.

PLAYERS.	Games	Runs	Hits	At Bat.	Base-hits	1st Base	Sacrifice Hits
Tyng	25	27	127	36	.300	7	
Thayer	29	41	140	40	.285	12	
Howe	26	27	110	31	.283	6	
Latham	26	27	117	33	.277	6	
Ernst	28	16	131	32	.244	7	
Wright	29	30	134	32	.235	13	
Winsor	8	6	34	8	.235	1	
Nunn	28	21	114	25	.219	2	
Fessenden	19	6	93	20	.215	9	
Holden	29	17	137	29	.211	9	
Substitutes	13	8	58	9	.155	2	

FIELDING RECORD.

PLAYERS.	No. Games	Put Out	Assists	Errors	Per centage of Errors accepted
Wright, 1st b.	29	293

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed, for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, July 22.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Lucille
Armond, Arzena
Brows Mrs. Louisa (of Edinburgh, Scot.)
Bryant, Nellie
Bulte, Mrs. Rosa
Berrmont, Stella
Brescombe, Maude
Boyd, Anna
Bateman, Alice
Bushell, Carrie
Bernard, Lottie
Baretta, Mlle.
Chapman, Ella
Churchill, Fannie (ruder)
Claxton, Kate (2)
Carlton, Lizzie (of Queen's Circus)
Clide, Minnie
Correll, Blanche
Cassell, Fannie
Cannon, Mlle. Maj.
Duncan, Pearl
Durell, Barrie
Desoda, Emma
Duncan, Hettie
Dare, Mrs. Mark
Duclos, Nieon
Earle Sisters
Etseltine Sisters
Fontainbleau, Blanche
Fulton or Fuller, Mrs. John
Foy Sisters
Fox, Lina
Fielding, Mrs. (of John & Maggie F.)
Fairmount, Belle (vocalist)
Florence, Rena (vocalist)
Grey, Maggie
Gray, Adrianne
Hinde, Annie
Howard, Lou
Hosteh, Jr., Mrs. John
Henderson, Lillie
Herring, Fannie
Hassell, Winnie (2)
Hamilton, Maude
Hinton, Jennie
Howard, Ivy (vocalist)
Ilford Sisters (2)
Keith, Frankie
Lauretta, Mlle. (of Queen's Circus)
Lamretta, Mlle. (Couture)
Lewis, Ida
Lyndon, Ethel
Lucille, Fannie
Lola, Miss
Mansfield, Alice
Meehan, Sadie
Mayfield, Ida (2)
Morrissey, Maude
Marshall, Mrs. H. A.
Montane, Annie
McDermot Sisters
Marshall, Florence
Mulvey, Lizzie (2)
Markham, Pauline
Martelle, Ivy
Maretzek, Madam
Nora, Mad. (glass blower)
Nixon, Libby &c.
O Brien, Mrs. Fred.
Oates, Mrs. Alice
Parker, Georgie (of Parker Sisters)
Peak, Mrs. Fannie
Russell, Laura
Sherwood, Jessie
Stetson, Louise &c.
Sanville, Tillie
Schott, Angie
Saunderson, Mrs. L.
Stowell, Henrietta
Shanley, Josephine
Stewart Sisters
Sydney Frankie (vocalist)
St. Maur, Belle
Steele, Sallie
Smithson, Georgina
Shellmas Sisters (2)
Smith | Allie of Rentoni's Minst.) (2)
Thomass, Hilda
Troy, Cassie
Tudor, Missy e.m. Wolverhampton, Eng.)
West, Eva (of Soldier's Trust Co. &c.
Warner, Mrs. A.
Wendell, Ada
Young Actress" (2)
Yeamans, Jennie
Yeamans, Mrs. Annie
Zoe, Mlle. (2)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, W. W.
Andre, E. A. (2)
Adams & Lee
Arnold, A. D.
Ayers, W. C.
Aiken, A. W.
Austin, Chas. & Carrie
Arbuckle, O.
Armstrong, Robt.
Alveretta, Lew
Alexander, W. B.
Beach, Bobby
Burgess, Geo. W.
Biglin, Jas.
Bloodgood, Harry
Burgess, Cool (2)
Batten, M. M.
"Bells" (2)
Branagan, E. (of Gt. London Circus)
Boyd & Wade
Brunne, A. (of Forepaugh's Circus)
Balcom, Prof. S.S.
Bowles, Frank (cornetist) (2)
Browning, Chas.
Barlow, Wilson, Frim. & West's Agt.
Brink, E. H.
Brookway, H. A.
Breen, Ed. A.
Burton & Rice
Barlow, M. G.
Bennett, Frank
Bangs, C. G.
Boucicault, Dion
Brignoli, Sig. P.
Andrews, Frank
Bailey, Jas. of Tex as Jack's Co.)
Blitz, F. R.
Couldock, C. W.
Conly, Geo. A.
Carrizoni, Natale
Charvat, Frank
Crosby, Geo. B.
Chenet, Joe
Campbell or O' Brien's Circus Manager
Crawford, Chas. (of European Circus)
Clark, G. Brooks (2)
Corbitt, Hamilton
Cassidy, G. H.
Crosby, J. H. (of Tony Pastor's Co.)
Calice, Myron
Chase & Allen
Cameron Bros.
Castello, G. B.
Crane, Chuck
Cornell, Robt. (2)
Carner, J. W. (2)
"Cincinnatus"
Caywood, Thos. C.
Cody, Hoh. W. F. (2)
Clifton, Frank (of W. Stone Circus)
Carson, Jr., Kit
Curry, Nelson &c.
Carroll, F. B.
Costley, Jos.
Crawford Bros.
Denier, John
Durand, Dick
Dalton, Ed. R.
Dykeman, Ed.
Derrick, Chas. (side-show "biz")
D'Artrey, Wm.
Doty, J. Arthur
De Rose, John (female impersona.)
Dixon, W. J.
Devere, Fred
Dougherty, Hugh
Doyle, J. (of Baker & Doyle)
Dixon, Henry (of Hess' Op. Co.)
Davis, C. L.
Driscoll, Dan
Delehanty & Hengler (2)
Daly, Augustin
Elliott, Dick (side show "biz") 6c.
Emerson, Pete
Emerson, Billy
Emidy, J.
Edwards, J. (of L. Pomeroy's Co.)
Eunice, Ferd.
Franckum, Geo. 3c.
France, Geo.
Fields, J. J. (of Leslie & Fields)
Faustin, M.
Fawcett, Owen
Fielding, Harry & Clara
Fleury, Fernando
Fraley, Chas. L.
Gaynor, Mons.
Fitzsimmons, T. (of Di Murska's Co.)
Fields & Hanson
Ferrer, J. W.
Gardner, Frank (of Howe's Circus)
Gardner, Chas. (Hop-light Loo)
Gotthold, C. New ton
Gladstone, Sam
Garland, Joe
Grover, R. H.
Greeley, T. B. (manager)
Goulding, John
Gale, Walter
Goss, Jos. (2)
Goodyear, C. W
Griste, C. R.
Girard Bros.
Gottheld, E. M. (2)
Gibson, J. (of Gibson & Harney)
Gardner, Harry
Hogan, H. P. (of Hagan Bros.)

THERE IS A LETTER in the Detroit, Mich., Post-office for J. C. Robinson; and one for Chas. Thatcher, of the Folleys Theatre Co.

Harris, W. C. (with Sprague & Blodgett)
Henri, Wm.
Hennessey, F. (of Thompson's Co.)
Mackin, J. (of Mack & Wilson)
Morello, W. (of Morello Bros.)
Mason, Dan
Mills, Johnny
Melville, Sam
McNish, Frank
Mulligan & Morris
Markham, H. M.
Maxwell, John
Mitchell, Mr. (mu seal "biz")
Melrose & Ryan
McCarty, Chas. (of Lafayette Lad)
Macdonald, W. M.
Morris, Chas.
Miller, Prof. Wm.
Murphy & Mack
Martin, Master
Mayo, Frank
Mc Neill & Regan
Martin, Harry (manager) (2) 18c.
Murdock, Mr. (vocalist)
Morris, Chas. (of "Continental 4")
Matthews, W. (of "Continental 4")
Maloney, Billy
Mullen & Magee
Norton, Billy (song-and-dance)
Nicolini, Chas.
Mafin, A. W.
McCoy, M. B.
Morrison, Lewis
Naunton, Arthur (2)
Nalley, Wm. L.
Norton, Nick
Noonan & Alice
Nelson, Geo. (gymnast)
Nicholls, R. Hamilton
Newland, J. O.
Natalie, Sig.
Nash, Dan
Nelson, Geo.
Orrin Bros.
O'Malia, J. F.
Onachondre, J. B
O'Brien, L. G. (manager)
O'Neil, W. (of Duclos Co.)
Osborne, Harry (comedian)
Owens, Jas. (of Parker Sisters)
Peak, Mrs. Fannie
Powell, J. W.
Potter, E. H.
Parker, Louis & Pauline
Pevrey, Saml. W.
Perry, J. (of Perry & McGraw)
Palmer, J. "Bibs" (manager)
Ronalde, Harry (4) 9c.
Roberts, Nick
Robbins, Frank (2) 3c.
Ronaldo, Wm. 3c.
Ronaldo, Geo. 3c.
Roe, Harry W.
Riley, Jas.
Rice, Col. J. H.
Russell, J. (of the Pacific Circus)
Richardson, Geo.
Robinson, Harry (2)
Rennell, C. W.
Ryan, J. H.
Robinson, Dale
Richmond, Harry
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Richetts, Chas.
Robinson, Jack (of Robinson & Crusoe)
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Robson, Stuart
Rankin, McKee
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Stowe, Burtof Rob Roy Circus)
Scott, Harry
Sackett, J. E. (2)
St. Ormond, Harry
Stuart, Eliot (Old Sisters Co.)
Smith, Hattie
Sharpe, Jas.
Sadler, Thos.
Sheridan, Frank R.
Skeels, S. J.
Sheridan, Frank
Sheppard, J. W.
Sawyer, A. D.
Lockwood, Harry M.
La Verde, Geo.
Luca, A. A.
Laine, J. H. (2)
Leland, Matt (3)
Lorella, T. A.
Lowry, Thos. A.
Lawton, Frank
Lucas, Sam (of Georgia Minst.)
Little Mac
Long, T. R.
La Rue, Wm.
Monroe Family
Murray, John (concert "biz") 5c.
Morris, G. W.
Martin, Sam
Mack, Billy
Macauley, B. (theat. manager
Magee, Chem
Mahoney, F. (of Thompson's Co.)
Mackin, J. (of Mack & Wilson)
Morello, W. (of Morello Bros.)
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Mack, Billy
Macauley, B. (theat. manager
Magee, Chem
Mahoney, F. (of Thompson's Co.)

Harris & McNeice
Howard, Frank (of Wagner's Minst.
Howson, Frank
Hindes, S. G.
Haley & West (3)
Hassell, Jesse
Howard, Chas. L.
Heywood Bros.
Hall, Billy
Holbrook & Ryan
Hedges, Thos.
Hunt, Prof. Oscar (2)
Harrison, G. W.
Hawkins, D. R.
Hedges, Thos. (n.o. w. Wednesday, Eng.)
Haverly, J. H.
Hastings, A. H.
Irwin, Arthur
Ince, Ed.
Irving, P. H.
Irving, J. E.
Jasper, Clinton
Johnson, Lew (manager of Chas. Hale
Jones, David (of Ilford, Eng.)
Jones, Arnold "Joachim"
Keene, J. K. (of Reignold's Co.)
Kenfield, C. A.
Knowlton, C. W.
Kent, Chas.
Kent, Chas. (p. o. m. Salisbury, Eng.)
Kaemmerle, Gus. (basso)
Keene, J. H.
Knowles, Ed.
Kelly & Ryan
Keen, Joe (Circus)
Kidder, C. W. (2)
Kelly, J. (of Conners & Kelly)
Kelley, Geo. H.
Kennedy, Harz (ventriloquist) 6c.
Kersand, Chas.
Lester, Harry
Leonard, Jos. W.
Lavitt, M. B.
Lindley, Harry
Lorella, J. C.
La Rosa Bros.
Lockwood, Harry M.
La Verde, Geo.
Luca, A. A.
Laine, J. H. (2)
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Morrison, Lewis
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Nalley, Wm. L.
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Magee, Chem
Mahoney, F. (of Thompson's Co.)

Swainam, Billy
Stetson, E. T.
Sheridan, J. F.
Shaw, B. F.
Sellon, J. J.
Stout, Geo. L.
Sprague, C. W. (2)
Squires, Louis P.
Straight, Edd
Salvage, Billy
Sullivan, P. J.
Stevens, John A.
Steele, Frank
Spaulding, W. P.
Sprague, Z. W. (2)
Smith, Jas. (of Barnum & Bailey)
Sherman, W. H. (agent)
Sanford, J. J. (gymnast)
Sinclair, Harry (comedian) (2)
Smyth, J. H.
Stanhope, Geo.
Stevens, O. Dale
Thompson, Den man (4)
Thorp, J. D.
Templeton, John (2)
Thomas, F.
Thompson, Wm. (of "The 4 Coons")
Villa, A. B. (2)
Vogler, Otto
Wynkoop, Frank-lin
Whiting, Chas. A
Annie
Williams, John
Wambold, Ben (Lamplighter Lad)
Wells, H. C.
Wells, Chas. (actor)
Wilson, John (equestrian)
West, Ned
Willis, Oscar
Warner, Hiram T.
Wilson, H. A. (of St. Louden Cir.)
Washburn, W. L.
Warren, Jr.
Wiggins, T. A.
Wood, W. B. (of Wood & Beasley)
Wambold, D. S.
Wilson, Ned (vocalist, etc.)
Wilson, Billy (song-and-dance)
Wingfield, John
Watkins, Chas. A.
Williams, Harry P.
Witham, Chas.
Welch, Fayette
Wilson, Frank (Mack-in & Wilson)
Ward, Jas. (clown and gymnast)
Washburn, E. S.
Wilson, Geo. E (tragedian)

Yeamans, Jennie
Yeamans, Mrs. Annie
Zoe, Mlle. (2)

Natalie, Sig.
Nash, Dan
Nelson, Geo.
Orrin Bros.
O'Malia, J. F.
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Melrose & Ryan
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Macdonald, W. M.
Morris, Chas.
Miller, Prof. Wm.
Murphy & Mack
Martin, Master
Mayo, Frank
Mc Neill & Regan
Martin, Harry (manager) (2) 18c.
Murdock, Mr. (vocalist)
Morris, Chas. (of "Continental 4")
Matthews, W. (of "Continental 4")
Maloney, Billy
Mullen & Magee
Norton, Billy (song-and-dance)
Nicolini, Chas.
Mafin, A. W.
McCoy, M. B.
Morrison, Lewis
Naunton, Arthur (2)
Nalley, Wm. L.
Norton, Nick
Noonan & Alice
Nelson, Geo. (gymnast)
Nicholls, R. Hamilton
Newland, J. O.
Natalie, Sig.
Nash, Dan
Nelson, Geo.
Orrin Bros.
O'Malia, J. F.
Onachondre, J. B
O'Brien, L. G. (manager)
O'Neil, W. (of Duclos Co.)
Osborne, Harry (comedian)
Owens, Jas. (of Parker Sisters)
Peak, Mrs. Fannie
Powell, J. W.
Potter, E. H.
Parker, Louis & Pauline
Pevrey, Saml. W.
Perry, J. (of Perry & McGraw)
Palmer, J. "Bibs" (manager)
Ronalde, Harry (4) 9c.
Roberts, Nick
Robbins, Frank (2) 3c.
Ronaldo, Wm. 3c.
Ronaldo, Geo. 3c.
Roe, Harry W.
Riley, Jas.
Rice, Col. J. H.
Russell, J. (of the Pacific Circus)
Richardson, Geo.
Robinson, Harry (2)
Rennell, C. W.
Ryan, J. H.
Robinson, Dale
Richmond, Harry
Retland & Alton
Ryce, Chas. (Anderson's Circus)
Richetts, Chas.
Robinson, Jack (of Robinson & Crusoe)
Reilly, John (Irish "bit")
Robinson, Chas (of Robinson's Circus)
Robson, Stuart
Rankin, McKee
Rice, Mr. (of Rengeline Co.)
Stowe, Burtof Rob Roy Circus)
Scott, Harry
Sackett, J. E. (2)
St. Ormond, Harry
Stuart, Eliot (Old Sisters Co.)
Smith, Hattie
Sharpe, Jas.
Sadler, Thos.
Sheridan, Frank R.
Skeels, S. J.
Sheridan, Frank
Sheppard, J. W.
Sawyer, A. D.
Lockwood, Harry M.
La Verde, Geo.
Luca, A. A.
Laine, J. H. (2)
Leland, Matt (3)
Lorella, T. A.
Lowry, Thos. A.
Lawton, Frank
Lucas, Sam (of Georgia Minst.)
Little Mac
Long, T. R.
La Rue, Wm.
Monroe Family
Murray, John (concert "biz") 5c.
Morris, G. W.
Martin, Sam
Mack, Billy
Macauley, B. (theat. manager
Magee, Chem
Mahoney, F. (of Thompson's Co.)

Swainam, Billy
Stetson, E. T.
Sheridan, J. F.
Shaw, B. F.
Sellon, J. J.
Stout, Geo. L.
Sprague, C. W. (2)
Squires, Louis P.
Straight, Edd
Salvage, Billy
Sullivan, P. J.
Stevens, John A.
Steele, Frank
Spaulding, W. P.
Sprague, Z. W. (2)
Smith, Jas. (of Barnum & Bailey)
Sherman, W. H. (agent)
Sanford, J. J. (gymnast)
Sinclair, Harry (comedian) (2)
Smyth, J. H.
Stanhope, Geo.
Stevens, O. Dale
Thompson, Den man (4)
Thorp, J. D.
Templeton, John (2)
Thomas, F.
Thompson, Wm. (of "The 4 Coons")
Villa, A. B. (2)
Vogler, Otto
Wynkoop, Frank-lin
Whiting, Chas. A
Annie
Williams, John
Wambold, Ben (Lamplighter Lad)
Wells, H. C.
Wells, Chas. (actor)
Wilson, John (equestrian)
West, Ned
Willis, Oscar
Warner, Hiram T.
Wilson, H. A. (of St. Louden Cir.)
Washburn, W. L.
Warren, Jr.
Wiggins, T. A.
Wood, W. B. (of Wood & Beasley)
Wambold, D. S.
Wilson, Ned (vocalist, etc.)
Wilson, Billy (song-and-dance)
Wingfield, John
Watkins, Chas. A.
Williams, Harry P.
Witham, Chas.
Welch, Fayette
Wilson, Frank (Mack-in & Wilson)
Ward, Jas. (clown and gymnast)
Washburn, E. S.
Wilson, Geo. E (tragedian)

Yeamans, Jennie
Yeamans, Mrs. Annie
Zoe, Mlle. (2)

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, July 22, '78.

"Cool wave" froze to us last night, so it will not be contrary to law to talk about the excessive heat of the past week, for anyone who passed through that trying ordeal without any serious inconvenience or damage has a right to give free expression to his sentiments, hot weather or no. The great metropolis was pretty well boiled down, and business, generally, was for a time almost suspended. The many thousands of our "sweltering citizens" who sought to "escape the wrath to come" by fleeing to the seaside or to rural resorts, discovered, when it was too late, that in going away from the city they were jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, for the seaside fairly sizzled in its caloric convulsions, and the country air was like a blast from a fiery furnace. At Long Branch and other places along the ocean front such torrid heat as that of the past week was not "within recollection of the oldest inhabitant." Quite a number of our resident population who took up their quarters at Newport, Cape May, Long Branch, etc., so that they might be close to the sad sea waves, and hear what the wild ones were saying, sneaked back to their own comfortable quarters in the city as soon as the hot Sirocco-wave from the great West enveloped those alleged cool retreats in its blighting, withering coils, for at the seaside the thermometer ranged at 90 and upwards, and the glare from the sand and reflection of the sun upon the "fathomless waters" made everybody and everything decidedly uncomfortable. And in the country in many places actually soared beyond 100 in the shade! Think of that, now! "Did we stay in the city?" We did, and we are not ashamed to avow it. We reveled in the largeness of our suite of rooms; we fairly enthused over the groaning table, loaded with all the freshest and all the daintiest luxuries of the season. The mere pressure upon the little knob in our boudoir electrified the attendants in the lower regions, and huge pitchers of ice were wafted to our lair without money and without price—other than that called for in the fulfillment of the bond—and the soothing influences of ginger-ale and the stingy gemfluctions of iced tea and frozen waters were not wanting. "Did we attend to our business?" Why not? The fact that we had steadfastly attended to the interests of our readers, and put in the day in honest labor at the office, made our hours of relaxation all the more enjoyable, and balmy sleep all the sweeter. Our

FROM CINCINNATI our correspondent writes July 19: "The Perry Brothers in songs-and-dances; Lydia Rosa, serio-comic; and Dody Zanfretta, danseuse, opened 15 at Schickling's Academy of Music. Business good. Closing 20: Mulligan and Morris, and Lizzie Mulvey. Opening 22: D'Alve Sisters, John Shay, and Orville and Reese..... James Reilly, motto-vocalist; Miss Lotta, balladist; and Ella Heflin, song-and-dance, were the new people at the Eldorado 15. Big fair. Closing: James Reilly. Opening 22: Big fair. Charles Gallagher, and Bertha Bigel..... Price and Wiley and John Harris opened at the Brighton 15. In consequence of the extreme heat, this hall will close for about a month after Sunday's performances..... M. A. Griffin, stage-manager; Andy Armstrong, comedian; Mollie Boyd, serio-comic; and Hattie Ellis and trained dogs began 15 at the White House. Business good. The gallery has been removed, and the lower floor enlarged and refitted. Sam Howard opens 22..... Arnold and Gorman, the Crimmins Brothers, Emma La Mouse, and Emma Mitchell were new at the Olympic 15. Opening 22: Lottie Gray, Jessie Adams, Ella Edina, Chas. Peltier, Dick Mack, and Fred Holliday..... The Bettsy Street Garden is running a small company, among whom are Clara Stanley, Little Gracie May, Julia Fayo, and Julius Ernst. The two latter perform in German..... Billy Diamond has recovered from his severe injuries. His assailant has been held to answer..... Ned Goss had a surgical operation performed on his breast a few days ago, and will soon be himself again. Goss and Fay, who are both here, open in Chicago in September..... Winona Bridges (Mrs. Will Shires) has been here, visiting friends. She has retired from the stage, and taken up her abode in Indianapolis..... D'Arcy, the well-known costumer, takes the road as treasurer of B. Macauley's company next season..... Walter Fletcher arrived here yesterday from the West. C. C. Mathews and wife also dropped in yesterday..... Charley Shay's 'Quincuplexal,' under canvas, takes the road next Monday. The route is Carthage, O, 22, Lockland 23, Hamilton 24, Middletown 25, Dayton 26, 27. The concern goes in two canal-boats ..... Extensive alterations are being made at Henck's."

JAMES S. EDWARDS and wife, while on their way from the West to Pittsburg, Pa., where they were to have opened in the Tivoli Garden July 15, were compelled to stop in Cleveland, O., in consequence of Mrs. Edwards having been taken ill on the cars. She is improving, and expects to resume her professional duties July 29.

THE REMARKABLE SUCCESS of Tony Pastor's Traveling Company in San Francisco, Cal., is very fully chronicled in our own correspondent's letter, and in numerous press extracts published in our advertising department. The season at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, will open about Sept. 28, and artists wishing dates after Oct. 19 can address Mr. Pastor there.

BURLESQUE ARTISTS, variety performers, a male quartet and lady duet-artists are wanted for the opening of Shelby's Adelphi, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 2. See advertisement.

THE ONLY VARIETY THEATRE open in Detroit, Mich., is the Metropolitan, where, on July 15, came Morris and Fields, Frankie Sydney, Carrie St. Clair, Queen and Bell, Jennie Cole, Sam Cole, Sadie Tremaine and Billy Sharp. Closing 20: Queen and Bell, Frankie Sydney, Carrie St. Clair. Coming 22: Prof. Martino, Gertie Florence and Belmont..... Work on the new theatre was commenced 15, and is being pushed forward rapidly, Manager Chas. O. White intending to have it finished and ready for opening Sept. 2. Chas. A. Boyd is engaged as leader of orchestra.

AMELIA DEAN has leased the Folly Theatre, Chicago, Ill., and will open it for the season July 29. Good burlesque and specialty artists are wanted immediately for the opening, and are requested to telegraph as per card. Miss Dean states that Mme. Duclos is in no way connected with this theatre.

A LADY PARTNER for comedy sketches is wanted by D. S. W., who advertises.

DAVIS & CO., agents, Cincinnati, want to engage serio-comic vocalists and song-and-dance ladies.

MRS. WM. B. COOPER, mother of Miss Lulu Mortimer, died suddenly July 19 at her country residence, Bath, L. I.

VARIETY NEWS from Chicago, Ill., up to July 20, is as appended: "At the New Chicago Theatre, during the third week of John Allen's management, not even the alluring attractions he has presented have been sufficient to draw a crowd, owing to the fearfully hot weather. In addition to Jennie Morgan, who gave choice songs in her most effective style, and the Lawrences in gymnastic feats, announced last week, the newcomers were the Webster Brothers in Irish songs-and-dances; the Ezelline Sisters in club-swinging and fig-dancing, and Burt Clark and Chas. Edwards in Swiss sketches. The Allen Sisters and Hart and Moreland have presented new sketches. At this writing the probabilities are that Manager Allen will not try it another week..... Amelia Dean opens the Folly Aug. 3 as a straight variety theatre..... Julietta Nault and Victoria North declined their Deadwood engagement, and left for Evansville, Ind..... Rose Dumont left for St. Paul 17..... The Wymans—Alf and Lulu—left for Fruitport, Mich., 18, and open at Heuck's, Cincinnati, Sept. 16..... Work is progressing rapidly on Hamlin's Theatre. W. N. Griffith has been appointed business and stage manager..... The front of the Academy has been torn down, and a new and handsome one will replace it."

BILLY BUCKLEY, banjo-soloist and acrobatic song-and-dance artist, whose address is care of this office, would like to arrange for the Winter season. He is now traveling with the London Circus.

AT STEVENS' GLOBE THEATRE, Hamilton, O., good artists can secure engagements by addressing John Nichols, manager. The company now performing there includes Zoe West, Blanche Nichols, Jennie Morton, Laura Conley, James Gilroy, Dave Tracy, Thomas Pursey, Harry Turner and Charles Laurens.

JOHN F. RYAN, agent, Chicago, wants to engage lady specialty artists for Western theatres. He also has manuscript plays for sale. See card.

ALL THE PAPERS necessary to the leasing of the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., were signed July 20 by George Nachman, who will at once commence making such necessary repairs and alterations as the house needs. It will be opened some time in August as a first-class variety theatre, with cheap admission.

THE TORRID HEAT the past week had a depressing effect on amusements in Indianapolis, Ind., and a considerable falling-off in the attendance at Crone's City Garden was noticeable. There was no change in the programme 15 worthy of special mention. Closing 20: Parker Sisters, to Lafayette; Kitty Allyne, to Baltimore; St. Leon and Showers. The new people 22 are Johnny Whitney and Emma Clifford and Nellie Heywood. Geo. Hunter and Nellie Richards, billed, telegraphed their inability to come..... No changes at Greunert's Hall. Minnie Kaye, serio-comic, left suddenly for Terre Haute.... W. H. Schneider, connected with the stock-company of the Metropolitan Theatre for several seasons past, takes a benefit at the Grand Opera-house 20, producing a new play, "Rescued."..... Messrs. Crone & Shimer of the City Garden are arranging to play a variety company at several of the country fairs in the central portion of Indiana this Fall. Letter of July 19.

MAY AND NICK HUGHES and Gus Warren were among the new features presented at Trimble's Variety Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., last week. The other attractions consisted of female minstrels, performances by Joe Crawford and Ed. Kelly, Ed. Moran, Prof. Martino, Charles Benedict, Miss Ida Bertha and Miss Lillian Thompson. "A Woman of the World" ended the show every night, Miss Thompson and Mr. Benedict playing the leading characters. Attendance limited. Joe Norton and Miss Jennie Mailing are billed for July 22..... At the Tivoli Garden the company next week will be J. W. Berkley, Al. Henderson, Ed. F. and Maggie Barnes, Louise Murlo and Fernando Fleury. Business continues very fair..... Mr. Brennan has named his place the Premier Bar of Tivoli Garden, and says he has the smallest bar-tender on earth in the person of Captain Geo. Lisble..... H. W. Williams was in town this week, and returned to Buffalo, N. Y., 18, where he will remain until Aug. 1; after that date he returns to Pittsburg to hurry up the improvements on his Academy of Music, which he will open early in September.

AT PRESENT there are only two places of amusement open in Baltimore, Md.—the Central Summer Garden and the Odeon, business being satisfactory at both. At the former house the attractions were Devlin and Tracy in Irish songs-and-dances; Millie Martelle, a favorite vocalist; the Lynn Sisters—Lottie and Gertie—serio-comics; and Reynolds and Walling in a sketch, "Contentment." Alice Gilmore, Frankie Christie, Bella Benz, Tillie Graham and the Wesner Sisters remained over from the previous week. The same company for next week and no departures. At the Odeon the arrivals were Ada Stanwood and Belle Fostelle, serio-comics; Minnie Clyde in her quick changes, with songs; and Fred Huber, musical mokc. Departures 20: Johnny Max, to Indianapolis, Ind.; and Julia Walton, to Philadelphia. Billed for 22: Barry and Gray, and Kitty Allyne. ..... A. T. Smith, the proprietor of the Coliseum, will reopen his house some time in September, or sooner if the weather moderates.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

M. B. LEAVITT, manager of Mme. Rentz's Female Minstrels, writes to THE CLIPPER from Paris, France, under date of July 8: "I am here for a week, taking in the Exposition. At the celebration given here July 4 there were over two thousand Americans present. I do not find the prospects in England very flattering for bringing over my company next Fall. The theatres there have been and are doing comparatively nothing. I have partially arranged to open in Liverpool Sept. 30, with engagements in several of the larger cities to follow; but I shall consider the matter fully upon my return to England. I shall sail for the United States in the steamship Egypt July 31, arriving about Aug. 10. Should I decide not to bring my company over here, I shall engage for my home tour several novelties, including three good burlesque actresses."

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS played in Berlin, Wis., July 15, Ripon 16, Waupun 17, Jefferson 18, Whitewater 19, Janesville 20, and are to open in McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., 22, for one or two weeks.

THE QUEEN CITY QUARTET—Edwin Harley, Frank Howard, W. H. Hunt and D. R. Hawkens—have been added to Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels.

THE ARTISTS engaged to travel with Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels the coming season are requested to assemble for rehearsal in Reading, Pa., Aug. 5. For further particulars see card.

CALLENDAR'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS played in Portland, Me., July 18. Their changed route is Fitchburg, Mass., 29, Northampton 30, Holyoke 31, Pittsfield Aug. 1, North Adams 2.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS, who performed in Fort Wayne, Ind., July 18, are billed in Michigan City 22, Waukeegan, Ws., 23, Racine 24, Watertown, 25, Oconomowoc 26, Milwaukee 27, opening at Hooley's, Chicago, 29, for one week.

ERNEST LINDEN is to be heard from this city in the Steamship Wyoming July 23 for Liverpool, Eng., to fulfill a short engagement with Sam Hague's Minstrels. He will return in season to join J. H. Haverly's Minstrels in September next.

ARCHIE WHITE is performing with Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels, in Chicago, Ill.

IN CHICAGO, ILL., Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels will put in the week beginning 22 at McVicker's Theatre..... Harry Robinson and Billy Arlington arrived in town 17..... Arlington, Cotton & Kemble's Minstrels are expected to play the week of 29 at Hooley's.

A CAPITALIST is wanted by Neil Bryant to enter into partnership with him in managing Bryant's Minstrels. See card.

CIRCUSES.

SAM BRILL, a well-known privilege-man and candy-butcher, was shot and instantly killed in a saloon on the outskirts of Lebanon, O., at twelve o'clock P. M. July 15, by Jay Hart the bartender. The weapon used was a double-barreled shotgun, and the shot took effect in his left side, tearing away the flesh and making a horrible wound. This news will be read with great regret by all the boys on the road, among whom the deceased was a prime favorite.

BARNUM'S "GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH" exhibited to large business in Erie, Pa., July 16, and is billed in Detroit, Mich., 22, Jackson 23, Ann Arbor 24, Three Rivers 25, South Bend, Ind., 26, Laporte 27, and Chicago, Ill., 29, for one week.

MARY A. COLE, formerly Mrs. Miles Orton, publishes a card stating that she was granted an absolute divorce from her husband, Miles Orton, in the Circuit Court, St. Louis, Mo., May 20 last.

GEORGE MILBANE, who advertises, wants to hire a cage suitable for performing lions.

E. G. ROGERS' GREAT PAVILION SHOW is billed in Charlotte, N. Y., July 22, Unionville 23, Hamlin 24, Kendall 25, Westport 26, Somerset 27, Newfane 28. Chas. F. Miller is the agent.

THE GREAT LONDON SHOW exhibited in Hannibal, Mo., July 20, Canton 22.

CIRCUS PERFORMERS, concert people and musicians desiring engagements with a show which will take the road immediately are referred to Frank Robinson's advertisement.

P. T. BARNUM'S GREAT SHOW gave three performances July 20 in Toledo, O., to big crowds, although the heat was terrible and there were other attractions at the race-course.

THE ORRIN BROTHERS are spending the Summer in Boston, Mass. They request letters to be addressed care of this office.

RELEASED.—Charles Kennedy, the lion-tamer, who some time ago was sentenced in Toledo, O., to the penitentiary for the term of fifteen years upon a charge of robbery, has been released. His counsel obtained an order from the Supreme Court for a new trial, and a hearing was had last week, when the prosecuting attorney stated that he was convinced that a case could not be made out against Kennedy, and he consented to his release upon his own recognizance, which is tantamount to an actual discharge. He was ordered to appear before the Court on the first day of the next term.

BARNUM'S CIRCUS advertising car arrived in Chicago, Ill., 18, with the advertising corps, some sixteen in number. The show opens 29.

THE ENTIRE STOCK of Stone's Circus were sold at auction July 18 in Chicago, Ill. Forepaugh and others were among the bidders.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMPHITHEATRE, Toronto, Canada, having a seating capacity of four thousand, can be rented through J. E. Thompson & Co., who also advertise that they want a New York agent.

PROF. MOREY, magician and ventriloquist, having returned from South America with the intention of retiring for a time, offers his stock of apparatus for sale. See card.

A PARTNER with the objects of interest in the United States is advertised for sale by "Scenic-artist."

H. A. THOMAS, theatrical lithographer, inserts his card in another column. His business-manager is J. E. Jackson; the well-known showprinter.

LOW'S OPERA-HOUSE, Providence, R. I., will be reopened about the middle of September, and can be rented through Wm. H. Low Jr., manager.

A MUSEUM of wax-figures and a handsome organ are offered for sale. See card.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, Philadelphia, the price of admission from July 22 to Sept. 1 will be reduced to fifteen cents for adults and five cents for children. Solos on the organ by Theo. C. Smith and opened by Wm. Northcott are the extra attractions..... The Zoological Garden is drawing a fair share of patronage, considering the weather..... Dr. S. M. Landis will appear as a temperance-lecturer at St. George's Hall Sept. 9.

PHIL. HEATH, ventriloquist, and W. L. Hirst, mimic and comic vocalist, are giving entertainments on steamboats running on the Delaware from Philadelphia.

PROF. WM. F. BAKER, magician, performed in West Liberty, W. Va., July 17, Clinton 18, Bethany 19, Fulton 20. Thos. Brogans is the general agent.

PROF. BLANCHE, sleight-of-hand performer, ventriloquist and Punch-and-Judy performer, advertises for an engagement.

FITZGERALD, JOHN & CO.'s Dramatic, Equestrian and Variety Bureau invite managers and the profession to deal with them at their advertised address. R. Fitzgerald, John R. Lane and Chas. S. Smith comprise the firm.

THE MIDGETS did an immense business in Detroit, Mich., during the week ending 20; so much so that they will remain three days longer, 22, 23, 24, opening in Toledo 25, for the rest of the week.

PEDANTO, gymnastic aeronaut, whose address find in another column, is prepared to make ascensions, etc., at fairs and festivals.

ODDFELLOWS' HALL, Dallas, Texas, is now being fitted up with a new stage and scenery, and will be open again by Oct. 1. It is centrally located, and will seat seven hundred. Managers who contemplate visiting Texas are requested to address N. E. Craddock, proprietor.

A GAS BALLOON is advertised for sale cheap.

HARRY MELVILLE, assistant-agent and programmer, is at liberty. Address care of this office.

A PARTNER, with $1,000 capital, is wanted to act as treasurer with a novelty company. Address N. S. K., as per card.

FURNISHED ROOMS can be had at the advertised address.

T. F. WOOD of Wood's Museum of Living Wonders is resting on his farm, near Vernon, N. J. He has secured a living calf with two heads, four eyes and four ears.

AMATEUR.

THE LEADING amateur clubs of Cincinnati—the Davenport, Shakespeare and Clio Clubs—have organized for the coming season. Israel Quick has been elected manager of the Davenport, G. R. Harms of the Shakespeare, and George W. Whitford of the Clio. The Davenport Club will give twenty-five performances (weekly) during the coming season, the Shakespeare ten at Melodeon Hall, and the Clio fifteen, at Robinson's Opera-house.

MISS ROSE P. THOMPSON was the recipient of a complimentary benefit in Memphis, Tenn., July 18, tendered by the leading musical amateurs of the city. The entertainment consisted of a river-excursion on the steamboat Vint Shinkle and a concert on board..... The Sodality Dramatic Association will play "Parted" at their Washington-street Hall July 26, for the benefit of the Sisters of St. Agnes' Academy.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"LES PETITES CORRESPONDANCES" (The Personal), a three-act farcical comedy by Hennequin and De Najac, now running at the Gymnase, Paris, France, is thus spoken of by *The Era*: "The piece is laughable, especially in its second act; but it runs in the old groove with which M. Henrequin has made us so familiar, and bears the strongest possible family resemblance to 'Pink Dominos' and 'Baby,' while recalling reminiscences of several other plays. * * * I have already told you, when recounting, a couple of months ago, the plot of a Palais royal farce entitled 'Pour Sauver Jeune Femme ou le Monde,' that the paper with the 'largest circulation' here has devoted a column to mysterious advertisements intended to render smooth the course of what cannot be termed 'true love.' The little piece at the Rue Montpensier house was founded on incidents supposed to arise out of this clandestine correspondence, and the new farce at the Gymnase has an exactly similar groundwork. The present act takes place in the Parc Monceau, that most charming of the gardens of Paris. The authors required ample space for creating the necessary confusion among their three assignations, and they could hardly have selected a better trysting-place. Three couples are led there at the same time by the advertisements in the amatory column in question, and, of course, each of the six individuals appears with a copy of the accommodating journal in his or her hand. On the side of the fairer portion of the creation we are introduced to a married lady, a young and very blooming widow, and a servant-girl; while the lords of the creation are represented by a husband, a budding artist, and an old beau. By pulling in their usual adroit manner the strings which animate these six personages, and by juggling together the three assignations of which they are the victims, the authors have manipulated one of the most intricate imbroglios they have yet brought before the public, although, as I have said, they have not invented any new method of confusion. M. Livergin is married to a pretty wife, with whom he has just fallen out in consequence of a little quarrel, because when he came home one night with three sheets in the wind he attempted to kiss the servant-maid Whereupon both parties advertise in the journal for a kindred soul in search of a loving heart. Both receive immediate replies. Livergin, knowing what a compromising adventure he has embarked in, takes the precaution of not answering in his own handwriting, but, like a prudent man, gets his friend Hector Bartel, a young painter, to write in his stead, making an appointment with the mysterious fair one. Hector, on his side, is engaged in an intrigue with a pretty widow, Madame Mathilde Verdier; and Livergin, who is very intimate with that lady, shows her Hector's note before posting it. Mathilde, recognizing her lover's writing, is at once suspicious, and off she goes to the Parc Monceau, while Livergin, who loses courage at the last moment, asks Hector to go to the rendezvous in his place. The lady, who has made the appointment for nine o'clock P. M., is, as you may guess, Madame Livergin; and as her husband could not restrain himself from seeing the upshot of the affair, he and she meet each other in the obscurity, while Hector and the widow come face to face. None of the parties recognize each other, however. Add to this impromptu an old beau named Thorignon, who follows Livergin à mes trousses, gets into the house of her employer, mounts the staircase, presents himself before the lady of the house, and begins to talk about their appointment in the Parc Monceau, and you will easily see what the situation is like. Very droll is the position of affairs when Livergin enters to find old Thorignon and his wife *tete-a-tete*. The lady, who feels herself guilty, presents the visitor to her lord and master as your uncle from Marseilles, and behold the old gallant compelled to jabber in the dialect peculiar to the Canebiere! This idea is highly comical, and the scene amuses so much that it will secure the success of the piece. All the incident and found letters and multiplicity of practicable doors are as nothing when compared with this droll situation, which delighted the audience. The denouement comes in the painter's studio, with all the doors—where, after an interminable series of spying skirmishes, absurd mistakes, and fainting fits, all the personages embrace each other and are made happy forever after. The pretended uncle from Marseilles is played by Francen, and is the great hit of the interpretation; St. Germain, as the husband, acts with his usual talent; F. Achard has little or nothing to do as the young painter; Mlle. Legault is charming as Madame Livergin; Mlle. Allen Reguult, captivating and clever as the widow; and Mlle Giesz, merry in the highest degree as a servant girl; while Mlle. Reynold somewhat overdoes the part of Mathilde. The incidents with old bachelors in the park while awaiting her call to play the roles of princesses at the Chatelet. "Les Petites Correspondances" will be certain to have a run.

MISS EMMA SCHIFFMAN a reception in Gloucester Lodge Regent's Park, London, Eng., July 4, and among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Max Strakosch, Miss Kellogg, Mme. Modjeska and husband, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Sargent, Miss Ada Cavendish, Mrs. Bouicault and Howard Paul.

MISS ROSE EYTINGE'S LONDON DEBUT.—From *The London Figaro* of July 13 we excerpt the following from a review of the performance of "Nancy Sykes," produced at the Olympic Theatre July 9, and in which Miss Rose Eytinge made her debut in England: "In justice to the talented actress who plays the title-role we must say that there is nothing in the performance which offends against the laws of morality or decency. The strange and exaggerated reports as to the 'pools of blood' which were to be shown on the stage in the last act proved to be as vexatious as such reports usually are. Except a ghastly cut on her forehead, Miss Eytinge forebore to add any touch of excessive realism. Indeed, the swords of Dickens, to which she adhered faithfully in the fourth and fifth acts, have rarely been given with so much force and tenderness. * * * It is a great pity that an actress of such power and of such talent as Miss Rose Eytinge selected such a character for her first appearance in London. She can easily at once for the mistake if she chooses. It is evident that this lady possesses qualities which must enable her to make her mark in a far-higher-class drama. She is decidedly handsome, and her voice is rich and sympathetic; she evidently has thought over her part carefully, and can abandon herself to passion without ranting; with a little more of the *art celare artem*, she will be accepted as one of the best emotional actresses of the day."

MISS KATE RAYMOND, O. R. Collins and company were playing in Pullan's Theatre of Varieties, Bradford, Eng.

AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS to the Royal General Theatrical Fund, London, were E. A. Sothern, £100; J. L. Toole, £20; George Rignold (annual subscription), £10 10s.; W. H. Crane, £2 2s.; Robert Heller, £3; Hal Sargent, £1 1s.; and also an annual subscription of a like amount.

EDMUND SHERLEY is the name which a son of Edmund Yates has adopted for professional purposes, he himself having acted with considerable success in the English provinces.

SAM EMERY is to make his farewell appearance in London, Eng., in the Princess' Theatre, on the afternoon of Aug. 3, prior to his departure for Australia.

THE ONLY CHANGE at the London, Eng., theatres is at the Lyceum, where Henry Irving is acting Alfred Jingle in a dramatization of "Pickwick" and Matthias in "The Bells," which are to run until the close of the season, about the end of July..... W. Farren, who has acted Sir Geoffrey Champneys in "Our Boys" at the Vaudeville Theatre over eleven hundred consecutive nights, has notified the management that he will withdraw from the company July 31. Charles Flockton has been engaged to succeed him.

J. H. PIERCE, American comedian, was presented by his wife with a daughter June 29, in Edinburgh, Scotland.

MUSICAL.

THE THEATRE LYRIQUE, in the Salle Ventadour, Paris, France, was inaugurated with a comic opera entitled "Le Capitaine Fracasse," adapted by Camille Mendes from one of Theophile Gautier's novels, and the score is by Emile Pessard. The story of its plot is thus: The first act opens at the Chateau de la Misere, a French edition of the Irish Castle Rackrent, for Baron de Sigognac's ancestral home is about as dilapidated a mansion as can well be imagined. But gayety reigns there supreme, and loud are the shouts of laughter, when Jean Blaise, who has been for an old gentleman, invites the visitors to enjoy the representation of a play. The intrigue begins at this point to manifest itself in a slight degree, for the Duke De Bellombrose begins to pay court to Isabelle, the daughter of the impecunious Baron, and of a troupe of strolling actors. As for the Baron de Sigognac, he has enrolled himself in the troupe as successor of the great Matamore in the most eccentric and far-fetched roles. Isabelle, however, loves the Duke's page, Leander, in disguise of Blazius; and, the Baron being entrusted with the character of the grotesque Captain Fracasse, the players think they may begin their comedy. A curtain consequently falls—a very pretty one, beautifully painted in daylight, and bearing the title of the piece about to be represented, "Les Rhodomontades du Capitaine Fracasse." Six little pages advance before the curtain with violins in their hands, and dressed in highly coquettish costumes. They bow, and execute—or at least pretend to execute—a gavotte in the style of Louis the Thirteenth epoch —a pretty performance, which was cordially applauded and redemanded by the audience. The third scene consists of the representation of the said "Rhodomontades," and ends with the provocation and insults addressed by Bellombrose to Sigognac, whom he takes for a buffoon, and who has forbidden him to continue his attentions to Isabelle. The second act takes place at the Pont Neuf, and contains the many curious scenes which impart local color to the piece. We see Sigognac escape unscathed from the many ambushes which the Duke has planned against him, among which should be cited the interesting duel with the Baron Hugon de Bandos, Seigneur Jacquenin Lampourde, who ends by falling on his knees before his redoubtable adversary in an ecstacy of admiration at the masterly manner in which the latter wields his sword. During this act, Isabelle is carried off by a ruffian named Agostin, who had been charged with this task by the Duke. The third act brings us to the Duke's castle, where Isabelle is a prisoner. Thanks to a little gipsy girl, Chiquita, whose good offices Isabelle has secured by the bribe of a trinket, the heroine is enabled to make Sigognac and his companions aware of the place of her incarceration. They hurry to her rescue, and arrive at the castle in time to behold the arrival of the King's troops who have come to arrest the Duke and lead him into exile, while they enjoin Sigognac to restore his ancestral chateau. The scene changes suddenly, and we find ourselves in the gardens and chateau of the Baron, which have undergone a magical transformation, being more brilliant and splendid than in their palmiest days. No one else is so amazed at this instantaneous metamorphosis as Sigognac himself, and in ignorance as to its cause when the Prince de Lineuil appears, giving his hand to his daughter, whom he has at last found, and who is no other than Isabelle. Sigognac, of course, falls at the feet of his beloved, and their marriage will take place next day.

THE NOVELTY of Carl Rosa's opera season, which is to commence in September, will be an English version of Mozart's "Cosi fan Tutte" (They All Do It), with Miss Julia Gaylord and Joseph Maas in the leading roles. Mme. Vanzini, the mother of Mlle. Van Zandt, the youthful primadonna engaged for this season, is in Belgium, and of whom so much is expected, will be a member of the company. Mr. Rosa, by purchasing the right of the words of "The Bohemian Girl" from the Messrs. Chappell, and the right of the performance of the music of Mme. Balfe, is now the sole owner of that opera, and it cannot be performed in Great Britain without his special permission.

GILMORE'S BAND is reported as not meeting with the success hoped for in Paris, France, and in provincial cities.

THE DEATH of Mme. Cattarina Arditi, mother of Signor Arditi, conductor, is announced in London, Eng.

"THE ORIGINAL AFRICAN BLONDIN," who crossed Rodyard Lake, Eng., at an elevation of 100ft., walking the rope a distance of 400ft., was advertised to sail for America July 13, and to make his first appearance Aug. 1 in Myrtle avenue Park, Brooklyn, L. I.

VARIETY HALLS.

ANNIE AND ANDY HUGHES were to have made their first appearance in England in the South London Palace, also at the Royal Cambridge Hall of Varieties, London, July 8. On the same night Sam and Carrie Swain were to have made their English debut in the Bedford Music Hall, also at Gallil's and Collins'; Ferguson and Mack at the Metropolitan, and the Richmond Sisters at the Oxford.

RAY SINDLEY, who now runs an entertainment of thirty minutes' duration, and plays upon nine musical instruments, was to have opened in the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, Eng., July 8.

JOE BROWN, American jig dancer, is at the New Star Music Hall; and J. H. Webb, late of New York, is the business manager of Beaconsfield Hall, London, Eng. Minnie Lester is singing there.

THE ALMONTE BROTHERS had returned to England.

WAYNE, LOVELY, COTTON AND BIRDUK were in Bolton, Eng..... Canfield and Booker were in Derby..... The Hallidays were to open in Edinburgh Nights, Scotland, July 8..... John Le Clair was in Southport..... Major Burk is with Moore & Burgess' Minstrels, London..... The Leopold Brothers are in Paris, France.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SECOND WHITE WHALE that has been exhibited in the Royal Aquarium, London, Eng., will Dead. Millie-Christine the double-headed girl is on exhibition there.

CRICKET.

ST. GEORGE vs. MANHATTAN.

The first eleven of the St. George Club seem to have lost interest in their club games since their defeat by the Young America eleven, judging by the way they neglect to attend their matches with home clubs. On the occasion of their first-eleven match with Staten Island they could raise only five or six of their team, and it was but little better in the case of their return first-eleven match with the Manhattan Club, appointed for Thursday, July 18, at Prospect Park, when but five of the players who were in the Young America match put in an appearance, the absentees being Messrs. Soutter, Gross, Marsh—sick—J. R. Moore, Jones and Mostyn. This was fortunate for the Manhattans, as they, too, were short-handed, Kersley and Greig being absentees as well as Love, Greig being disabled.

The match at the Park was the hottest game of cricket we have reported since the three days of July on the St. George field at Hudson, in 1868. At the club-house, in the shade, at 2.30 P. M., the thermometer stood at 101, and yet the fielders did not seem to feel the oppressiveness of the heat so much as the spectators. The St. George team went to the bat first, and they were well disposed of for 61, of which the veteran Giles contributed 34, marked by a 4 and a 3, Harcombe batting well for 16. On the other side, though the first four wickets fell for 25, the sixth did not fall until 78 had been scored, and 109 had been run up, when a heavy shower of rain, which made the field a lake for a short time, rendered further play out of the question. Had the weather been fine, the Manhattans might have had a chance to have made it a one-inning victory; as it was, they won by 109 to 61, with four wickets to fall, in their first inning. Brewster and Rogan made a good stand together, the former getting 24 and the latter 34, Makin carrying his bat out for 16. The score of the inning which decided the contest is as follows:

ST. GEORGE.		MANHATTAN.	
Rance b. Hosford	0	Hosford b. Moeran	8
Talbot b. Hosford	0	Tilley, run out	0
Giles Sr. b Brewster	24	Jenkins b. Moeran	7
Ropes b. Brewster	0	Rogan, run out	34
Moeran b. Hosford, Hooper 4		Hosford b. Hooper 4	0
Conover b. Brewster	2	Brewster c. Talbot b. Ropes	24
Giles Jr. c. Hooper b. Brewster	3	Hooper c. Moeran b. Ropes	9
Harcombe c. Jackson b. Tilley	16	Makin, not out	16
Hewson, run out	7	W. Scott, not out	0
Sleigh, not out	0	Byes, 4; leg-byes, 5	9
Mostyn, absent	0		
Byes	4		
Total	61	Total	109

Umpires, Messrs. White and Legg.

BALL-PLAYERS vs. CRICKETERS.

At the Recreation Grounds, San Francisco, Cal., July 6, elevens composed respectively of ball-players and cricketers contended for the mastery, the former winning.

First Inning.	BALL PLAYERS.	Second Inning.
Warren b. Purdy	15	b. Johnson	15
Aitken b Purdy	0	b. Purdy	10
Giles b. Purdy	6	c. Burnell	6
Malone b. Purdy	0	b. Purdy	5
Defreyer, c. Lee	3	b. Johnson	0
Nagle b. Purdy	14	b. Purdy	10
Warna b. Purdy	7	c and b. Brandon	7
Whalen st. Burnell	7	c. Brandon	0
Miller b. Purdy	4	hit wicket	0
Brown, not out	0	not out	2
Burton c. E. Burnell	1	b. Purdy	3
Extras	22	Extras	5
Total	78	Total	61

First Inning.	CRICKETERS.	Second Inning.
Purdy, thrown out	5	c. and b. Aitken
H. Burnell c. Nagle	0	b. Aitken
Burnell c. Nagle	0	b. Aitken
Scott, hit wicket	6	run out
Brandon l b. wicket	0	b. Aitken
Washington b. Aitken	3	c. Nagle
E. Burnell b. Aitken	0	c. Miller
F. B. Burnell c. Brown	5	run out
Lee b. Aitken	0	not out
O'Reilly, not out	1	b. Aitken
Johnson, run out	3	c. Brown
Extras	6	Extras
Total	32	Total

GENTLEMEN vs. PLAYERS.

The first of the series of matches between the gentlemen players of England and the professionals was completed at the Kensington Oval, London, July 5, after a two days' contest; and though the players led the gentlemen in the first inning by 122 to 76, in the second inning the amateurs scored 202 to 101 by the professionals. The score is as follows:

First Inning.	GENTLEMEN.	Second Inning.
W. G. Grace c. Selby b. Morley	40	l. b. w. b. Barlow
Lucas b. Morley	3	b. Shaw
A. Lyttelton b. Shaw	1	c. Pooley b. Shaw
Lord Harris b. Shaw	0	c. and b. Morley
Hornby b. Shaw	6	st. Pooley b. Shaw
E. Lyttelton b. Morley	4	b. Barlow
G. Grace b. Morley	1	b. Barlow
Tylecote b. Morley	5	st. Pooley b. Shaw
Steel st. Pooley b. Shaw	7	not out
Strachan b. Shaw	0	b. Shaw
Evans, not out	0	b. Shaw
Extras	0	Byes, 6; leg byes, 1
Total	76	Total

First Inning.	PLAYERS.	Second Inning.
Barlow b. A. G. Steel	1	b. Steel
Midwinter, run out	5	c. W. Grace b. Steel
Lockwood l. b. w. b. Steel	4	l. b. w. b. Steel
Ulyett c. E. Lyttelton b. W. Grace	15	b. Evans
Selby, run out	29	b. Evans
Shrewsbury c. E. Lyttelton b. Steel	24	c. and b. W. Grace
Pooley c. Evans b. Steel	21	run out
Jupp l. b. w. b. W. Grace	6	st. Tylecote b. Evans
Shaw c. Tylecote b. Steel	1	l. b. w. b. W. Grace
Mycroft b. Steel	3	st. Tylecote b. W. Grace
Morley, not out	6	not out
Leg-bye	1	b. Purdy
		Byes, 4; leg-byes, 2
Total	122	Total

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

GENTLEMEN—First Inning.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Shaw	31	11	45	5
Morley	39½	16	31	5

Second Inning.

Shaw	54	24	62	6
Morley	46	26	54	2
Mycroft	5	19	25	0
Ulyett	5	3	17	0
Midwinter	16	10	13	0
Barlow	13	6	14	2

PLAYERS—First Inning.

Steel	43	17	60	6
Evans	24	14	37	2
W. Grace	31	11	37	2

Second Inning.

Steel	38	16	45	3
W. Grace	18	10	20	4
Evans	21	10	29	3
Strachan	1	0	1	0

The second match was played at Lords the week following.

A MATCH between teams of fifteen men, belonging respectively to the Fountain Club of Brooklyn and the Medway Club of Matteawan, N. J., will be shot at Brooklyn Driving Park July 24.

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TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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AND WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
This is to certify that in the Circuit Court of the City of St. Louis, Judge Boyle presiding, on the 25th day of May, 1878, I was granted an absolute divorce from Miles Orton, and that the same was recorded at the office of said Court, in the city of St. Louis, June 11, 1878. A copy of the decree sent by registered letter to Miles Orton, Norris, Mich.
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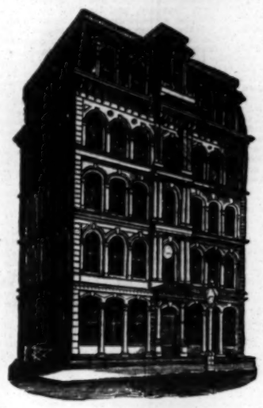

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